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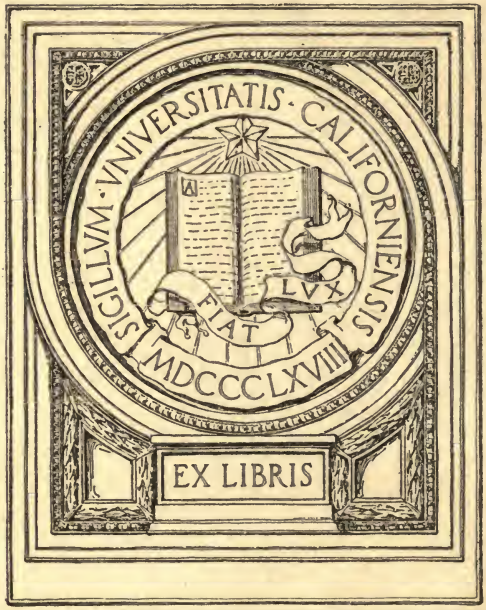

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AN UNCLEAN SPIRIT

RICHARD HAYES McCARTNEY

Author of "The Lady of Nations," "The Coming of the King," "The Imperial," "The Anti-Christ," "Songs in the Waiting," "Prince of Peace," "Gallipoli," "The Whip of God," etc.

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TO

THOMAS McCARTNEY

AND HIS SONS,

DANIEL AND JOHN HAYES McCARTNEY.

O stalwart Sire, who sleeps in Scottish grave,
I thank you for this Spirit that you gave,
With maxims that have guided me from youth;
Thou honest man—a man of sterling truth—
As the years vanish larger to my mind,
For few more perfect as thy life to find;
True Husband, Father, and thy son is proud
No fleck of a dishonor on thy shroud.

Lo, to my mind come from the Shadow Land
That Sire and two sons, one on either hand,
I greet them with a passionate, deep pride—
For each a man that no man dare deride.

O Sailor Brother! where e'er England's Flag
Floated in warrings never thou didst lag—
Crimea—Burma—China—New Zealand:
Where England cannons roar there didst thou stand
Fearless in battle, lion hearted, brave—
Thy life was largely spent on Ocean's wave:
And surely to The Mother a most tender Son:
Alas, to die when even prime not won—
So early stricken—crossed the Ocean's foam—
Alas, to die when just in sight of home.

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And thou, O John, the hero of my youth,
My ideal Brother—wayward—yet in sooth
A follower of Lee to bitter end—
When Southern Land her Armaments did send
To field of battle—the Confederacy
Had surely not more daring son than thee;
Twice wounded—yet persistent in War's ways
Where "Washington Artillery" did blaze
There thou wert found—and when the strife was o'er
Back to the civil life—but ever bore
The legacy of wounds—but now you sleep
In that Queen City of the glorious South
Amid companions once in battle rout—
And veterans fond memories still keep.

Three sleeping far apart—'til break of Day
When The Lord Comes—and gladly ye obey
His trumpet call—and round Him gathering
Hail Him your Lord, your Saviour, Conquering King!
Who by His word shall make all warrings cease,
And bring to Earth, Joy, Holiness and Peace.

AN UNCLEAN SPIRIT

Thou Unclean Spirit! squatting like a toad,
Close to the doorway of my soul's abode,
With eyes that blink not in their steady gaze,
Seeking to enter in a thousand ways
Of subtle cunning, searching day and night
With ever keen, unflinching, steady sight,
To find some crevice where to enter in
And make my soul a brothel of foul sin.

Yet past soul's precincts thou canst come no more
For, lo, *The Blood* is sprinkled on the door!
Thou hast no subtlety to enter in,
Tho' from without can tempt my soul to sin.

I pity thee, unclad, uncanny Thing,
For Thy activities can only bring
Thee bitter sorrows, and the hastening end
Will only find thee helpless, without friend
To share thy sorrows,—tho' the millions stand

Close to thee, yet so powerless to command
The smallest cup of Love; for selfish mind
In danger's hour is to itself confined;
While sin at first may have a bosom friend
To utter selfishness at last its end.

I pity Thee, thou unclad, noisome Thing,
Like leaf in winter wind a shivering;
What once thy garment answering to our flesh?
Surely thy spirit once was held in mesh
Of Glorious substance—beautiful to see
More delicate than human flesh can be.
What once thy Covering? surely it was spun
Out of the finest nature 'neath the sun,
And an Imperial splendor on thee laid—
One of the Grandest Creatures that CHRIST made.
Now fallen far from thy once high estate,
Now maddened at thy fell, appalling fate,
Thou hast for God and Man enduring hate
That falters not through years no man can date.
Surely thy pathway since that awful morn
Thou and thy Fellows held the CHRIST in scorn,
Hath been an awful track, high handed crime
That never wavered in the course of time.

I am most curious—and I fain would ask—
What well I know to be a fruitless task—
Who was thy Leader in that wild affray?
Hast still That Captain charge of thee to-day
Who bid thee shout for Satan and his cause?
I may as well 'til Doomsday, waiting, pause—

Never an answer—are thy thin lips sealed?
And I may only guess what not revealed.
Has CHRIST's Imperial Mandate put a ban
Upon your lips at present—but later can
Relate thy vile Rebellion to a man—
How Sin commenced and Misery began?

Thou bitter Enemy, who ever creeps
Around my Being—and that never sleeps—
But ever art alert, and sharply keen,
For ever present tho' not heard, nor seen,
Yet surely thou art ever standing near,
So ever unseen shadow and a fear,
A shadow dreadful, for thy subtlety
More keen than ever mortals dare to be.

Thou a fell Gamester, with thy loaded dice,
Playing marked cards, and no ways over nice
In cheating, heeding not if art found out,
Brazen of face, and with a braggart's mouth
Full of half truths whereby to cheat the soul,
Reckless of means—if but you gain control.

Now by thy sin unclad—Lo, Thou, art bare
And ever seeketh Human Flesh to wear,
Thou canst not come unbidden, but if men
Of their free will bid thee to enter in—
Dwell with their spirit—thou art free to go
And work within thy victim fear and woe:
Tho' learned Professors at such folly scoff
Surely that soul from GOD and CHRIST cut off.

So men have power to hold thy art at bay,
Thou canst not enter if I wish thee, Nay,
My soul a citadel thou canst not win,
Thou hast no power to even enter in,
Impregnable to all thy fierce assault—
If thou should enter truly mine own fault,
Deliberated Wickedness, without cause
Alone, if I break GOD'S most solemn laws
To bid thee welcome, this would CHRIST defy—
And doing so—Apostate I should die!
Tho' I may laugh and scorn thee in that way
Thou standeth every moment night and day
To tempt by dream, by thought, by sight, by sense;
Thy spirit watcheth ever more intense
To gain my will, to lead my feet aside
From the one Path trod by THE CRUCIFIED!
And thus am I beholden to thy gaze—
Lo, thou wouldst lead my soul in many a maze,
Make error seem a Truth—so mix the two
'Til I oft mystified as which the true.
For, ah, thou art most cunning to deceive,
Will whisper: *"Such indeed you should believe!"*
So fluently will quote The Blessed Word
Not with a reasoning foolish, nor absurd,
But Precious Truth so mingled with thy lies
'Tis surely not a wonder if mine eyes
Readeth as GOD'S, *a meaning of thine own*—
So simple Faith ofttimes is overthrown,
Thy *"Thus saith* GOD!" so subtly is said
That saints of CHRIST oft into error led.
What mortal trained like thee in every art?

No line in life but Thou hast taken part,
Perfect in each detail, and lacking naught
To shape the human heart with cunning thought.
And, oh, thy Patience! with unruffled will,
Tho' ofttimes foiled yet patiently art still
Set to accomplish one fell daring aim—
As if the doing brought Immortal Fame.
Yes, Fame abhorrent to the Righteous Soul!
So patient in thy waiting to control
The heart, the mind, the actions of the one
Whom thou hast set thy silent hate upon.

Through many weary ages thou wert trained
To learn thy knowledge, it has been obtained
By close attention, and unswerving toil,
Watching humanity in peace and broil—
Noting of failings, springs of hate and pride,
Watching the phases of a life that's tried
By strong or weak temptations—noting well
What soul triumphant, and what soul that fell
By this or that; and where you failed or gained,
And by what vice the Conquering was obtained.

This Human scorning what another took—
That one entrammeled by lascivious book—
This one in scorn of all immoral things
But to the covetousness of Gold he clings:
Varied Temptations—countless in detail—
To one of them each mortal bound to fail.
So with the passing of each weary age
Thou hast indeed become a hoary sage

In knowledge which temptation is the one
To win the wretch thy care is set upon.
When to such knowledge crafty cunning wed
Surely no wonder men are hell-ward led,
The Master mind that strikes with Master hand
Hath a fell power few mortals can withstand.
Ah, the sad winning of the many dead
Whom thy seducing to Destruction wed—
Aye, step by step in sinning—then despair—
Thou to their fate has never given a care.

What weary, weary ages thou hast sinn'd—
And, oh, the Awfulness, 'twill never end!
Unending and unceasing in thy spite
To every Law that's noble, good or right;
Unthinkable the ages yet to be
Living and sinning still continually—
All, all the Coming Ages yet to come
Shall find, Vile Soul,—lips to all praises dumb—
I stand appalled—I shudder at thy fate—
Thou shalt forever be a living Hate.

And better than myself—myself you know—
To fathom all my moods both quick and slow,
Just knowing where to tempt and to betray,
Where show thy strength, or in a calm, slow way,
Beckon with luring images to crime
Against my new born nature, 'til the slime
Is o'er me—spittle from serpent tongue
Covers the victim e'er the feast begun.
Thou Unclean Spirit, squatting with sneer grin,

Tempting my soul to fell and bitter sin—
There Hideous—tho' not seen by human sight—
And yet one knows at morn, at noon, at night,
A Deluge of Lasciviousness let loose,
That action may have fashioned to abuse
Had not a stronger Spirit called a halt,
And stayed the tempted e'er committed fault.

Full well I know that thou art standing there,
Thou palpitating Thing, more thin than air,
More subtle than the ether in thy ways,
I cannot motion make, nor eyelids raise,
But thou beholdest; whether 'tis my will
To come, or go, thou keepest ever still
A breathless watchfulness without a break—
No rest, no slumber dost thou ever take;
A Sentinel forever at thy post—
And surely 'tis no vanity to boast
That I am guarded as I were a king
By this uncanny, unclad, noisome Thing.

I see it not, nor hear, nor feel, nor smell,
Yet eyes that never slumber on me dwell
With a maliciousness and deadly hate,
For be it morn, or noon, or midnight late,
That Thing stands ready ever ill to do—
A Hidden enemy I cannot view,
Nor will I until Death will open eyes,
Then Spirit measures spirit—see the size,
The breadth, the form, the shape of this fell foe
Who followed all through life while here below!

What hast thou not seen, O Thou Aged Thing!
What centuries hast thou seen vanishing—
The rise of Nations—and their ghastly fall?
Thy knowledge surely may a soul appal!
For surely thou wert cruel in thy ways
Blood, Rapine, Pestilence, had naught but praise—
The blood reeks from thy finger tips—thine eyes
Saw Human suffering only to despise.
The rush of kings on their Imperial way
Through seas of blood made thee a holiday—
The Cities perished, and you had no tears;
Growing more hardened in the fading years
Thou a Monstrosity! with one desire
To wreck the World with famine, plague and fire,
Unalterably wicked to the core
Thine evil Nature growing more and more
Apart from GOD—and all that GOD can own,
All sense of Right in thy heart overthrown—
So wicked—only wickedness supreme—
Of wickedness and that alone you scheme!

And yet were I to see you, without doubt,
To gaze you would be fair—a childish mouth,
A childish look, yes, sweetly childish face,
Simplicity itself hath not a grace
But seemingly 'tis thine—surely thine eye
Most open, kindly, one may not decry
The cruel hate that in its depths doth lurk,
None would believe that Thou wouldst scheme and work
The Ruin of our Race—then laugh at it—
Thou Unclean Spirit of Eternal Pit.

Hast Thou not changed in all the dreary time—
Is thy face gauged to show no depths in crime—
Look you still fresh, and debonair, and young
As when in Paradise you danced and sung?

How long it is since first you opened eyes
On the Great Heights of Earthly Paradise?
Where Spring and Summer held perpetual sway,
And all of Life, a golden holiday,
No Winter, but renewing, no decay
Flower petals fell but e'er they touched the ground
They were an essence—vanished—never found—
To mar the beauty of the Garden-field.
Tho' rare the fruit, their sweetness did not yield
To blight, decay, but into gases went—
So never on the ground decaying riches spent.

Ah, what a world of music, light and charm,
No beasts of prey, nor bird, nor viper harm,
No weeds, no thorn, no thistles to annoy,
Sweet peace, fair happiness and holy joy:
Ah, what a world, gigantic creatures fed
On height, on plain, by river grassy bed,
Without a sense of anger, nor of pain,
For never yet a single creature slain.
Food for the taking—nothing to provide
The mighty creatures on the land, in tide,
Lay down together in contentment's sleep
With never watch for enemy to keep.
Then earth not torn, nor shattered to the core,
But the whole earth a radiant order wore

The smile of CHRIST! and every strata ran
Unshattered, bearing out an ordered plan
With no disfigurement of any kind—
Lo, Order, Order everywhere to find.

Then Thou created—one of myriad Host
Who on the Earth filled Heaven's appointed post
E'er Lucifer created. With what awe
You heard promulgated One single Law—
The Law of Love—Love perfect and complete—
Contentment everywhere and Joy most sweet.

Then came the tidings of A Coming King—
All stood expectant what the hour would bring,
For on the Earth rose Palace more than fair;
Tabors and Pipes—and music very rare
Sounded around that Dwelling when he came
He burst upon the World in glorious flame,
In Jewels exquisite, in dress arrayed
With stones most precious that CHRIST ever made;
That morning He was not—the evening saw
A new made Being who filled all with awe!
Like as one waking from a slumber rare
Unseen one instant—the next instant there
As he had flashed from some high distant sphere—
Like Melody all sudden to the ear!
Angels his subjects. He, The Anointed One,
Was surely more than fair to look upon—
CHRIST's Best Creation! Gloriously He stood
Anointed Cherub of that multitude.
Lo, from His lips a glorious burst of song—

That in an instant all your myriad throng
Swelled, and shook Earth with the vibrating notes—
As His song leaped up from uncounted throats—
For not a single creature on the Earth
Of bird, of beast—all things that had a birth—
The very stones, and trees, and fertile ground
Had found a tongue to give a praiseful sound—
A song of Praise to GOD—Great Lucifer!
Appointed Priest for every worshipper;
For High, on Sapphire Throne, The Glory Blazed—
The ONE ETERNAL BEING whom all praised!
Walking mid fiery stones before That Throne
Great Lucifer, as Cherub, walked alone.

Now had you heard of CHRIST up to that hour?
All knew in GOD alone Creative Power,
But it was told you that in DEITY
THE BEING ONE—yet verily still THREE!
Up to that hour, perchance, ye had not known
THE SON was sitting on Eternal Throne—
CHRIST THE CREATOR—HE, and HE alone—
Builded The Worlds, shaped every zone
To veriest atom—under HIS control
As it had pleased HIS GRAND IMPERIAL SOUL.

How long did Lucifer hold Cherub Post
Guiding the praises of Angelic Host,
Was it for Ages? for a month? A day?
How dumb thou art—nor answer, Yes, or Nay.
When did he first allegiance cast aside?
How first conceived the thought that brought Sin's Pride

Was it some Revelation from the Throne:
That ONE was Coming who had right alone
To rule in Heaven and Earth, in every place
Where GOD displayed Creation's Art and grace?

Thou art most silent—Did CHRIST close thy lips,
Must thou be silent of that great eclipse
Of Holiness in Lucifer, and those
Who in a foolish Hate of CHRIST arose,
And flocked around the Rebel's banner where
Hate blossomed first polluting all the air?
He would not own THE CHRIST, nor condescend
In true allegiance on his knees to bend,
Sin covered, a new Garment, and he strode
Defiant—claiming Earth his own abode—
His own, his right—beneath his ruling rod
Crying: *"I am! I sit in seat with* GOD!"—

Now what persuaded ye, the rank and file,
To treat with scorn the Greetings of CHRIST'S smile,
To scout authority of CHRISTLY Law?
What was the cause to rend all sense of awe
Within your souls, and set your hearts aflame
With malice, hatred, coupling CHRIST'S name
With such indignities as ne'er before
Was heard in any world of sea and shore?
Hate coined new words, and made fell currency,
That even very devils ashamed must be
Of such a coinage and then spat them forth—
THE LORD, CREATOR CHRIST your butt of sport
HIS greeting mocked at—and despised HIS hand

He had stretched out to each one of your band!
What was there in your Lucifer that won
Your willing hearts thus to despise God's Son?

Aye, but we guess, and guess, the mind will strain
Some little light on such strange Hate to gain
Some scrap of Knowledge—be it e'er so small—
What was the Cause of Lucifer's great Fall?
And all our guessing vain—yet still we guess—
We cannot help the peering none the less.

Perchance, it was Christ's form ye thought not good—
His Grand Simplicity misunderstood—
Perchance, He stood in Form that yet should be
The shape, the matter of Humanity!
Perchance, His Splendor hidden in the mask
Of Flesh, that made it possible to ask:
"This one Supreme in all Created Space!
This paltry Form! This placid, gentle face,
This one *The Great Imperial!* This one who
Created—tossed forth worlds to angel view
As they were but a pastime to create!"

"Now look at Lucifer! Supremely grand—
What Majesty by motion—One to stand
Unmatched by any in the orbs of space!
The splendor of a God beams from his face!
Lo, Royalty hath blossomed to a flower
That fills the earth with Fragrance of its Power!"

Thus did ye judge the two that fatal morn?
And turned the back on CHRIST in acid scorn,
And bending servile at The Rebel's throne:
"Hail Lucifer! 'tis thee alone we own!"

How long did CHRIST plead in HIS graciousness
Loathing to blast—with only wish to bless—
Did HE not try to win in thousand ways?
Surely HIS Presence lingered many days
The outstretched hands that pleaded all in vain
To win that Glorious Rebel back again—
At last in warning did HE show the Path
In which the Rebels would find surely wrath—
The eloquence of CHRIST was all in vain!

That day there was a parting of the ways!
Perchance, companion, that with you sang praise,
In the bright, ne'er to be forgotten days,
Parted in sorrow from you with heart rent
In pain, in anguish, in astonishment,
That you should thus the CHRISTLY rule deride.

Two-thirds of all Earth's angels cast aside
Allegiance to THE CHRIST—the other third
Believing, trusting in CHRIST's gracious word
Gathered behind HIM, loving, undismayed.
And you and yours, whom your high birth betrayed,
Behind Proud Lucifer.

There face to face
Stood the two leaders—surely for good space
THE CHRIST stood pleading with grand eloquence;

And Lucifer with pride o'erruling every sense
Scorning all mercy. Daring CHRISTLY wrath
Stood there Defiant Rebel in CHRIST'S path.

Then suddenly in Ocean and in Plain
Sin's virus blossomed in each Creature great!
Lo, dire confusion in earth's vast estate!
Behold, a New Thing seen on earth, in flood,
A sickening scent to heaven—Blood! 'twas Life's Blood!
The rush of battle, the fell deadly close,
Creatures once friends fought now as deadly foes.

Murder's first cry fell on angelic ears!
So strange, so bitter that remotest spheres
With consternation heard, trembling, afraid,
As if Eternal Peace was dead—and laid
In the first grave that ever had been made!
Lo, Beings of Eternal Ages then
For the first time heard language of foul sin!
Creation heard it with a blanched face
From center to the outposts of dead space.

The crushing out of Life—the awful strife
That ran in each vein of Creative Life—
Then Earth and sea one reeking charnel place—
'Twas Blood, red blood on every creature's face—
The strong most wicked—while the weaker one
On weaker still pounced in fell wrath upon—
The Birds, the Beasts, the Fishes of the Sea,
Were drunken in the sweep of sin's iniquity.
'Til CHRIST in pity to destruction hurled
The tarnished, blood stained, sin accursed World!

As a child's toy house in a giant's hand
So unseen Forces crushed the Sea and Land,
And strata crushed through strata as if glass
'Til all confused, conglomerated mass.
Then first Confusion, shrieking in the world,
Order and Beauty to destruction hurled,
Foundation stratas thrown to dizzy heights,
The upper strata sunk by crushing might,
The Unseen Forces with their sullen thunder
Shattered the pillars of the World asunder—
'Til not one spot upon the upper plains
But fell confusion of the direst reigns—
A miry sea ran molten—then appal—
A Horror of Great Darkness over all!

And ye, the Rebels, naked Spirits then—
Shriveled your covering in the breath of sin—
Fled with dismay into the outer space
Lo! the Dark Pit to be your dwelling place!
Unclad, uncovered Spirits, crying to be clad
Yet mid your terrors still with malice mad.

And then how many ages passed way
With no repenting of thy sinning day—
Growing more bitter in thy hate of GOD
As on thee laid HIS grim chastising rod.
And did HE leave thee wand'rer from that Pit
(Of deadly Darkness ne'er by sunlight lit)
Out to the realms where all the universe,

Except the Earth, CHRIST praises did rehearse.
And did THE LORD allow ye to go where
The sun shot splendor—to the moon all bare—
And in those regions give you breathing space—
Was the Sun made Satanic Palace Place—
For surely sinister in after years
Ye made men worship these two gracious spheres—
The Home of Satan made a God for man—
And so contrived that subtle, devilish plan,
Of worshipping the Devil in such guise
As seemed to foolish man devoutly wise.

Did you oft come to see that awful place
That once had been a glory—now disgrace—
Peer through its blackness, and its raging storm,
The burial place of your once glorious form.
Did you in flight go round, and round, to see
Only confusion and tumultuous sea—
A horror of Great Darkness where the wind
Moaned o'er the hidden Bodies of your Kind.
Was not earth's course erratic, here and there,
Lost, wandering thing that had no atmosphere;
Where once stood palace garden fields to see
Now lashed a fury, weird, and muddy sea.

And did there come a time when suddenly
Michael, Archangel, driving thine and thee
Out from thy hovering, drove thee to a star
Where you sat down and watched it from afar.

Then from High Heaven a WONDROUS PRESENCE came—
A cloudy Pillar hiding Restless Flame—
A brooding as it were above the earth
That Ball of Desolation and of Dearth.
Then did you hear HIS VOICE:
"LET THERE BE LIGHT!"
And lo, the horror fled, and to your sight
A softening splendor shone across the sea
Bathing the waves 'till all was fair to see.
And the next morn you peered with anxious sight—
Again that VOICE, and straightway mountain height
And hill, and plain, and prairie—and vast space—
Rose from the sea and held aloft their place.
Lo, morning after morning that same VOICE
Did will new Wonders, making earth rejoice;
'Til looking over bird, and beast, and field, and flood,
PRESENCE contended, said:
"BEHOLD, 'TIS GOOD!"
Then didst thou see with anguish sharply keen
Envy at heart, dire hatred and vile spleen,
The Man, stand up as very Lord and King—
While new Creations to him homage bring.

Didst thou see Adam waking from repose
From his sweet bed of lily, and white rose,
Wondering to see reclining by his side
The Beauteous Eve—his gracious splendid Bride—
What spleen in heart, and eye to see the pair
Glorious, unclad, go wandering here and there,
Hand clasped in hand so lovingly together
All in the splendor of that Spring time weather.

What hate in all—desire to work them woe—
Alone did Satan on fell errand go,
For Angels had no orders to confine
Prince Lucifer by any bound or line;
Yea, often to GOD'S PRESENCE still he went—
Tho' fruitless was his asking and intent—
Yet still HIS MAKER held him not at bay,
When came the Sons of GOD on their set day,
Could also Satan enter council place,
——Complain and cavil before GOD's own face—
And why permitted thus to come and go?
Alone THE TRINITY such purpose know.

Where waited you 'til Satan did return?
Surely your mind alert, and thoughts did burn,
A restlessness that made all quivering
As to the news Satanic hate would bring—
Moving like wild beasts restless to and fro—
Speechless for hours—and then with braggart show
A prophesying Lucifer would win
And blast the new World with the Curse of sin!
Yea, did ye boast that in a little time
These two would feel upon their souls sin's slime,
Would babble hate right in the face of GOD—
Then new world wrecked beneath chastising rod?

In my mind's eye I see the serpent stand
His radiant wings the spicy breezes fanned,
More subtle, winsome than all other beasts
Tempting the Woman to his fatal feasts.
'Twas good to taste and it would make her wise,

She would have then Omnipotent's swift eyes
From whence no knowledge could escape or hide.
What was this Feast that Evil could provide?
Evil! what was it—and really was it known
Only to HIM who sat on Highest Throne?
No Angel she had seen could ever tell
What was this Evil—what its magic spell—
This the unknowable was at her hand!
Beneath the laden branches did she stand—
Her dainty fingers touched the golden skin—
What was the secret sweetness hid within?
She stood a tremble—drew her hand away—
What noise was that—a bird upon rose spray—
On flower alighting—where had Adam gone—
She was alone. How fair to look upon—
Tempting the fruit within her white hand lay
But from the stem 'twas not yet plucked away
And thus the silken hissing still anigh:

"He did not say *that you* should surely Die!"
Then grew Eve's mind confused as to the words
That surely without doubting were THE LORD'S!

The Serpent's question in her ear kept ringing—
To Heaven each bird had seemed to cease its singing—
Lo, there was silence in that Garden fair
Tempter and Tempted scarcely breathed there—
Out of her ears had fallen all other sound—
O'er all a silence heavy and profound—
As earth and all upon it stood to see
How far would reach her curiosity.

The velvet fingers tightened on the fruit
Her eyes, her lips were eloquently mute
Asking momentous question—Can I dare
The knowledge of This Evil with GOD share?
Full in her eyes stood curiosity:
"What is this Evil, GOD would keep from me?
He knows it—then it surely must be good
Have I in sooth HIS words misunderstood?"

The fingers tightened, and the will grew strong,
And suddenly the World was lost to song—
Lo, Evil entered sliming all the sweet
As Mother Eve crunched fruit betwixt her teeth.

And as Eve ate the fruit, Lo, was not there
A message sent by Satan through the air—
And all misgivings vanished in the shout
That like as lightning sped from mouth to mouth
Until the very Pit with laughter riven
That victory to Satan wiles was given.

When Lucifer came back his face had fain
Hidden from view his victory had stain
Upon the grandeur—for He hid the words—
"But He shall crush thy head"—that subtle threat
Not with the usual braggadocio met—
Nor did he tell a single worshipper
Who shouted wildly "Hail Prince Lucifer!"
Did not the words still rankle in his brain—
To make his victory a thing most vain—
THIS SON OF HER whom he had led astray

Would surely meet him in a deadly fray,
And tho' at first his victory was real,
Yet if he only crushed His foeman's heel
What were the use if Eve's Son yet should be
The Victor o'er the fell adversary!
He shrank from something—what he did not know—
But ever on his mind a sense of woe—
Vengeance was on his track nor would forego
At any moment now may come fell blow—
Should he be unto Nothingness then hurled
Like as in former ages his own World—
Should there be ending to his swelling thought—
Blankness in Soul and every sense be wrought—
Nonentity—what meant the words Christ said:
"Thou shalt bruise heel—but He shall crush thy head!"

And on that night—when Eve and Adam fell—
Was there on earth a revelry of Hell—
Venom of hate like wine was deeply quaffed—
After centuries of Silence Satan laughed.
Before that hour how dreary was thy fate
Dreary mid millions, lone and desolate,
Nothing to do but wait, and wait, and wait,
Nothing to do but hate, and hate, and hate,
When suddenly this new world sprang to view—
Thy hate to such a swelling torment grew
It seemed as if there must be found some way
To give thy hate an outlet—give thee prey—
And evil take carnival holiday!

Ah, what wild madness when they feet once more
Trod thy old home (tho' changed the sea and shore)
Didst thou torment the fish, the birds, the beasts
Making each savage, cruel in its feasts,
Changed them to monsters with mad fury blind—
Creatures once peaceful eating their own kind—
What ghastly horrors in the world that night
For myriad demons trooping came in flight
Like Birds of Carrion—the world around
Shivered and shuddered at your croaking sound!
Surely poor Eve and Adam shrank afraid
In thicket crouched, confounded and dismayed,
So had not elect Angels held the keep
Their weary eyes had lost the boon of sleep;
Surely some wicked spirit in fell spite
Had slain them e'er the passing of the night—
But Michael's Hosts beat back the rebel van
To hold intact the crushed and trembling man.

And then were ye astonished not to see
A young world wrecked in dire contumely,
The rather that a promise given to man
That CHRIST would not be foiled in this new plan.
And then astonishment came on apace
The Beings new of fructifying race
With sons and daughters fair born to the twain,
So hope of their disaster all in vain.

The Mystery was not thine to unravel—
And tho' proud Lucifer may fume and cavil
Before GOD'S Throne, declaring that for sin
GOD must destroy the world and all therein—

Demanding simple justice, that the blow
Of GOD should send The Human to fell woe!
For hidden was The Mystery of grace—
Then Satan knew behind GOD's smiling face
There was a plan of Righteousness to meet—
The curse of sin not victory complete.
A hint in the shed Blood—at first a hint
But GOD was hiding yet HIS Great intent
Redemption by HIS CHRIST—who yet should be
Redeemer of The Race on Calvary!

Didst thou see Cain and Abel in the field
One bringing Lamb—the other bringing yield
Of his own toiling, he would pay THE LORD—
While Abel would be beggar at GOD's board!—

Lo, When THE PRESENCE came of THE I AM—
When fell HIS fire accepting the Slain Lamb,
And Cain all sullen at his altar stood,
Full of rich fruit, but not a splash of blood,
Unnoticed was the labor of his hands—
The Presence Passing—and unblessed He stands—
Didst thou see Satan creeping then anear—
First breath of murder in the human ear—
And then the stealthy, subtle murderer's tread,
The first fell blow—at his feet Abel dead—
And then a cry of bitterness apace!
When on cold form a woman hid her face
And raised the bitter cry that shall not cease
'Til Comes again the Blessed Prince of Peace!

The world Before The Flood—you saw it all
Its cities—Art Museums—princely palace wall—
Science, and Art, and Poesy, were supreme
Our present knowledge like Barbarian dream
Compared to that—which was man's golden Prime.
Had not they seen the Man who saw GOD's face?
Therefore, to this day noblest of our Race,
With intellects that were not yet impaired
Fresh yet as 'twere from very hands of GOD,
Marred not, not yet disfigured by sin's rod,
Still to their eyes the lights of Eden flared—
Strongest of intellect, brawniest of brain,
Earth has not seen the like since—nor again
Until THE LORD CHRIST CLEANSE the World of Sin,
And GOD comes back one more to dwell with men.
Yet were the minds of men as if a slime
Of wickedness all thick on heart and tongue,
When ever song defiance to GOD sung:
Science, and Art, and Power took delight
To crown all wrong—when Avarice was Right—
When not one Law of GOD but held absurd—
When Satan hovered a vile Carrion Bird
Brooding in wickedness and fell desire
To breed in man as 'twere a blazing fire
Of Hate to GOD—and rose to Heaven a stench
That only a Destructive Flood could quench!

And then that awful Day when suddenly
The Rain rushed down as loosed the upper sea,
When earth's foundations 'neath men's feet gave way—
Lo, water—water—Universal sway

Swept men as flies before its roaring tide—
All lost—except who in the Ark abide.
The hissing, foaming waters in mad whirl
Sucked man and beast in such wild maelstrom swirl
That none had strength to help its kith or kin,
The feet no time a mountain top to win—
Man could not cry to man—creature to kind—
For such a mighty rushing of the wind
Was never heard—and men will hear no more—
For GOD let loose the sea upon the shore—
The ban upon its bounds was lifted then—
The hissing, mighty Oceans rushing in
Throttled the earth—and swallowed it from sight—
Above the billows not a mountain height
For Gravitation in that lawless hour
Grew wanton in its movements—lost its power—
Struck between wind and water by such force
The Earth had surely shifted in its course—
For buffeted it lay a helpless thing—
Shivering and shaking in its suffering!

Great Horror thine—was it from a star
You watched Destruction's Battle from afar—
And watching—wonder how the Ark would ride
Amid the ice floes—and the shifting tide.
Or did you hover near—not to alight—
For Heavenly Host were guarding through long night
When never sun broke on the icy flood
Like something stagnant—then the waters stood
Chill and still chiller—waxing strength each day
One sheet of Ice across the whole world lay—

So that the World for Sinning paid full price
There came upon the Earth The Age of Ice!

Didst thou see Noah coming from the ark—
Didst thou behold him when his fame grew dark—
Didst thou see Nimrod rule with proud disdain
Holding GOD's Rights and Man's as something vain
Ruling all creatures with a cruel hand—
Spawning Idolatry in every land.
Saw you when men set laws of GOD aside
Saw them rear Babel with defiant pride—
Saw GOD confound their tongues—and so afraid
Flee from the spot where once their hope had laid.
Thou sawest Abraham, that Prince of Men,
While scoffers scoffed that journey lone begin,
Seeking GOD's Place, and Peace, and joy, and strength.
Didst Thou see Joseph when his brothers sold—
Went later down to Egypt to behold
The Captive next to Pharaoh on throne.
Then didst thou see his people overthrown
Bondslaves, brick making under lash and heel—
Saw Moses standing calmly in the Path
Daring Proud Pharaoh and nations wrath.
What of the plagues—didst thou behold the nine—
And wondered when Lamb's blood was made a sign
On Lintel and door post—why such a thing?
And then that night saw Egypt shuddering
When every household woke to find the dead
Was he who should in future have been head—
Saw horror, fright and dread on every face—
Beheld the thrusting forth of Israel's Race.

Saw Egypt then recovering from mad fright
Her chariots rushing in Imperial might—
Saw Moses' outstretched hand—that awful sea
Flow over Egypt's might and hide continually.
Didst you tempt Israel in wilderness—
Saw Achan stealing Babylonish dress—
Tempt Midianitish women to allure
The Israelitish heart with slights impure.
Didst thou lead Samson to where Delilah lay,
Whispered to her how she could win her prey.
Didst thou see David in his Shepherd's dress
Singing his sweet songs in the wilderness—
Writing the song that all the nations sing
Girding the world by Faiths' celestial wing.
Wert thou with one who tempted Solomon—
Lightsome to gaze—and soft to look upon—
Her only covering that great wealth of hair—
Set you her silken lashes to ensnare—
Held him with laughter—sweeet alluring nod—
Kissed him to building altar for strange God.

Wert thou a minister to Jezebel—
Wert thou with Ahab when from GOD he fell—
Stood thou on Carmel when Baal's Prophets cried—
(Saw thou the flame of GOD in downward flight
Burn flesh, altar, lick up water in men's sight—)
Saw Kishon's waters with their life blood dyed—
Didst thou outstrip Ahab-Elijah race
Whisper to Jezebel the dire disgrace—
Rousing her wrath so that the prophet fled
Afraid of price of blood upon his head—

Then didst thou laugh when trod by horses' feet
The pampered flesh of Jezebel dogs eat?

How thou didst hate The Israelitish Race,
Fierce Ravening Wolf, that never slacked thy pace
To drag them down to infamy's disgrace!
This Race GOD choose to win for HIM the earth—
Proud Satan hated from its hour of birth—
He made surrounding Nations slay and vex
Wooed by Idolatry, and sin of sex,
Brought them from GOD'S FACE to a sea of slime—
Made them the slaves of Passion and of Crime—
Until outraged was GOD'S sweet Patience time—
So let their foes triumphant o'er them reign
For Seventy years. Brought Judah back again
To Salem—But Her Glory Day had flown—
When Roman Eagles plucked her, made her moan,
E'en then all blinded to Redemption Hour
She slighted Her MESSIAH and HIS Power
HE would have gathered her and made her Great
But she despised HIM for HIS low estate—
Made Roman Crucify with Curse of Hate—
And since that time stands Salem Desolate!

Thou surely led the flower clad woman throng
Whose red lips sang the Bacchanalian song;
Who strove to do what Venus' Priests would say,
And make all virtue to fell vice a prey!
Was even One more dearer than the rest
Who made a garden in thine arid breast,
Who woke to life the springs you deemed all dry,

When love again gave tenderness to eye.
Was she a Dancing Girl, who loved the sun,
Who from the sea and sky her colors won,
Standing resplendent in a beauty clad
That made the pulse of all the gazers mad?
Didst thou not throw great pearls in her lap
To make her more resplendent—if they could;
Didst thou not rob the mine, the loom, the wood,
For gold, for purple, and for spices rare,
To deck her beauty, and perfume her hair,
So made her precious in the thought of men
Their adoration and their power to win:
Then came there jealousy—you deemed amiss
That others held in arms, in press, in kiss;
You grew morose and savage at the sight.
And then, perchance, it was a summer night—
She danced with such voluptuous passion rare
That men went mad, and all the midnight air
Rang with their crying, and they bore her home
With honors Cæsar never had at Rome.
Then when some favored lover held her fast
Thy jealousy came on as tempest blast,
So squatting, like a toad, behind his ear
You whispered thoughts—the vilest one may hear—
Thus kindled jealous fires 'til quarrels came,
And thou in both was't fanning jealous flame—
So then while his hand coiled her yellow hair,
His knife gleamed in the moonlight striking where
Her heart surcharged with passionate hot blood.
A cry of Horror—on the couch aflood
Of that which is the life—now ebbing fast:

Out with keen cry the wild assassin passed
And thou wert left alone with cold white clay!
Lo, then it burst upon thee—Jealous sway
Had robbed thee, cheated thee; you fell apace
Across her form, kissing cold growing face
That would not lighten tho' you cry; did plead—
And even to THE CHRIST did intercede.
And so unwept by others she lay there
Roses and Poppies fading in her hair,
His roses fading in her yellow hair,
You only mourner, sobbing in despair.
Night grew to day—yet never answered she—
None heeding tho' you sobbed piteously—
Then when the sun grew hot—men at the stench
Wrapped up their face, and dug a narrow trench
Where you and her together were thrown in—
Soon men forgot the Dancer and her Sin!

Silent thou art, and will not make one sign
If I have read a page from life of thine;
Or but Romance hath mocked my foolish brain.

And yet, perchance, that thou has felt some pain
To see The Flesh partake of things most fair;
Lo, thou forbidden and must never dare
Reveal thyself—until The Coming hour
That, ah, full soon upon the world will lower,
When CHRIST will let thee break the awful ban,
Then you come forth and show yourself to man.

Whose brain conceived Idolatry's True Self
E'er Priestcraft made it thing of baser pelf,
So trading e'en its cult and rite for gain,
Surely its Father had resplendent brain,
For this of all fell wickedness conceived
Loved by The Human Race, and well received,
Had more enthrallment for the human mind
Than any other wickedness can find;
So subtle, so alluring to the flesh,
Like a garment beautiful, a silken mesh,
When one at first it tempted to array,
But quickly, so alert to seize its prey—
To magnetize—delighted by its sway—
Making a willing captive of each sense,
Making all virtue but a fool's pretense,
Making the captive blind to everything
But just the passing pleasure it will bring
Seducing youth with pleasure most supreme
An Idealistic Beauty sweetest dream,
Drugging the senses with enticing charm,
So that in vain all whisper of fell harm
From house of Pleasure, where they enter in,
Like wine at first and then the dregs of sin.
And when old age—snag tooth, and scanty hair,
Finds that no longer power to sin is there,
Gloats o'er the past, accounting every measure
As one may over some all peerless treasure—
Find consolation in the long dead Pleasure.
It is at first a silken mesh to hold,
With years it covers sweetness fold by fold,
'Til like an iron cast that none can sever

It holds its victim ever and forever;
Unless the Gracious Grace of CHRIST shines in
And frees the Captive from this subtle sin.

—Men laugh and say, Idolatry is naught!
Yet still it is the most insidious thought
To seize, to hold, and grapple in such way
As makes Humanity delighted prey,
Loving the poison that corrodes the brain—
Filling with deadly virus every vein.

Idolatry—promiscuous Sin of Sex—
Some scholars now may seek in vain pretex
To make it nobler—but such nonsense vain—
The basic Truth will ever more remain!
Nor surely was it ever thought of men
To link Religion with an act of Sin—
To make the act of Worship nothing less
Than Jewel blazing in Lasciviousness—
Surely 'twas Lucifer himself that brought
To shade of midnight first the basest thought
That ever was conceived by any brain—
None darker, fouler one can come again!

'Twas first revealed on Babylonish plain—
Drank by Humanity, as earth drinks rain;
A seed that grew luxuriant in a night;
And quickly stepped emblazoned to daylight
A Blessing to be sought for and a Glory—
And this indeed Idolatry's true story.

It was the cult of all the Hamish Race—
For God held back as 'twere a little space

The Japheth—Shemite Peoples—to give place
To Hamites, to show man where to their mind
Would lead them in their doing. Not confined
By any power, but made them large of birth,
And let them rove across the new born earth,
Filling the seas with ships, and on the breeze
Their flag was floating over colonies
Which grew renowned for learning and for gain,
Their cities waxed and flourished, did obtain
The Mastery of any place they trod—
Alas, alas, they had forgotten GOD
In their imagination and desire,
'Til Brute Greed, Lasciviousness like fire
Shrivelled all thought of GOD within their mind—
And Moloch's Worship, Basest of all kind—
Flaunting to Heaven Defiance and Disdain!
Their days of Grace were many, but in vain—
So when God's clock of Time proclaimed at last
Their Hour of Grace had ended—and had past—
Their Knell of Doom was sounded ever more!
Their cities blazed and crumbled on each shore—
Their ships were scattered—and their Japheth foes
Waxed bolder, stronger—then the last fell close—
Captives and slaves; and servants to this hour,
The Hamites never more a World Great Power.
Alas, the Japheths took their cult, their priests,
Their temple harlotry, their naked feasts,
And Persian, Grecian, Roman bent the knee
To Nature Worship's base Idolatry.

Now, Japheth rules with an imperial sway—
But Blood, Crime, Greed have hewn the fearful way
Which led to Empire, and the dripping hand
Is blood stained with the life of all the land—
And even Nations hailing CHRIST as King
Have made the Heathen shriek with suffering—
With Drink and Opium—made more base the base
'Til Christians are a curse to Heathen Race!
The CHRIST is made a stench by so-called friends—
Who hesitate at no Crime to gain ends!
But CHRIST, SABAOTH'S LORD, hath surely heard!
So surely, Certainly draws near the Hour
When CHRIST shall shatter their Imperial Power—
Just simply by the sword thrust of HIS word.
Then shall The Shemite come unto His own
And every Race and People, every zone,
O'er shadowed by the splendor of CHRIST'S Throne.

Say where were you when THE LORD CHRIST was born?
E'er the night shadows flushed by early morn
Heard you of sudden (in some rocky glen):
"Peace upon Earth, Good Will Toward All Men!"
And then the Glory bursts of Carolling
Of Angels who announced THE LITTLE KING!
And stole you there with Shepherds on their way—
Saw in the manger on a truss of hay
The Baby helpless in its infancy—
And then you saw, what Shepherds could not see,
That stable filled with Heaven's Royalty.
The place was full of Angels—even He,
The Highest of Archangels, stood and smiled
With gaze of rapture, on the helpless child—

While radiant in veiled Splendor o'er the bed
The Signa of His Godhead o'er His head.
Ah, surely you were sore astonished—
The Great Archangels standing round that bed,
The Ministers of State—while steadily
The Angels came all joyfully to see,
Rank after rank, and each on bended knee.
So vast the multiude it seemed to thee
As Heaven was empty—Angels from each star
Had come in haste and wonder—e'en afar
From distances uncountable—from place
Which borders on the nothingness in space
All unimagined by the brain of man.
The Cherub and the Seraph led that van
Of myriad Angels that here came and went
In adoration and astonishment.

And where was Lucifer that fateful night—
No hint of that rare glory in thy sight,
Was he at Tiber deep in Rome's affairs—
Was he at Pergamos all hungry for men's prayers—
Came he at hurried summons, baffled, dumb,
Outside that Stable—where he dare not come—
For myriads of Great Angels barred the way,
Holding the angry Enemy at bay;
The little Town of Bethlehem became
Christ's place of Glory—Satan's place of shame.

Two Hosts encamped where David once kept sheep,
Earth Dwellers lay in Bethlehem asleep,
But while the Human calmly, sweetly slept,

Two Hosts keen watching in the valley kept,
Emblazoned Hosts—such majesty and might
That ne'er before had flashed to angel sight
Covered the hills and hollows of the place,
Michael and Lucifer stood face to face—
For Lucifer had claimed the new born soul,
All Sons of Adam under his control
Why not this one?
But he had not the power
To claim as his THE LITTLE PRINCE that hour,
And backward driven with all his yelling Host—
Michael, Archangel, victor kept the Post.

Humanity that night had slumber sweet
Nor knew that morning how light shodden feet—
Strange Forms and Faces—crowded every street,
Coming and going a vast company,
With songs of praise and gracious melody,
Of Glorious Beings with Majestic Mien
Rulers of Principalities I ween
More vast than many worlds—of vestments spun
From precious stones more glorious than the sun
Had ever seen—one may conceive in vain
The simplest Glory of each ruler's train.
For all these Beings of Great Majesty
Came from their Principalities to see
A little Baby—knowing well that HE
Conceived the Power and splendor of each one—
That not a Glory eye may look upon
But this same Baby fashioned to HIS will,
That in this Sleeping Baby there was still

The Power whose word had brought to life all things
The Principalities, the Worlds, and their Kings.

And you could tell me of His boyish days
His little acts, His words, His simple plays—
Of house where in He dwelt for thirty years—
His little griefs, His sorrows—and His fears—
What He was fond of eating—of the dress
So plain—and was it patched the more or less—
Of how He loved the birds—no doubt for Him
They always perched upon the lowest limb
Of tree and shrub, and sang their sweetest notes
And never weary were the flute like throats
If but the Little Prince would stand anigh.
And did the flowers catch ever more His eye,
Each glad if He had plucked them for His joy;
For surely Nature to this growing Boy
Revealed her secrets—and the flowers in grass
Blushed all their sweetness as they saw Him pass,
And every blade of grass prayed for His tread.
Red daisies and blue violets bent head
So glad to feel the presure of His feet,
All glad to shed their perfume richest sweet.
Loved He the buttercups—the honeysuckle—rose—
Searching the dells for cowslip's soft repose—
Grasping the Lily—Royal, red, aflame—
And all the many flowers I may not name.

Did He not love the rivers and the brooks,
The pretty rivulets, the shaded nooks
Where waters murmured softly and more sweet
Because He cooled in them His dusty feet.

Fed HE young eyes on lake of Galilee?
Which oft seemed fair as woman's face may be—
And then of sudden all its sweetness lost,
Furious, enraged, and billows grandly tossed—
But surely most HE loved its holy calm—
Fringed by the olive and the stately palm,
The little cities clustering round its brim—
With gardens, orchards, and with grape vines trim—
The wild flowers—and the pebbles on the beach—
The colored fishes darting out of reach—
The cool air scented by a million flowers—
And then the marvel of night's earliest hours
When all the stars above were seen below
While the soft waters murmur to and fro.

And the Great Sea—did oft HIS footsteps go
To mountain slope and see afar below,
The Ribbon of blue sea on Western horizon,
And see the white sails glimmering thereon
Where commerce sent her navies to and fro,
To Herculean Pillars—to e'en land of snow,
Where Northern Lights their colors rare displayed
And made the Southern sailors sore afraid.
Saw HE War Galleys with their bank of oars
Bringing their warring cargoes to the shores
Out of the West—to prey upon HIS land.
And did HE ofttimes walk upon the sand
Of the Great Sea—and watch its changing mood
Where light makes laughter—and where storms oft brood—

Sometimes all calm and peaceful as if good,
Then as if angry great waves rolling in
With rush of thunder, dissonant, and din,
As tho' to swallow up the sands or rocks—
And then fall back as weary from the shocks—
The sea, the sands—the creatures of the beach—
The seaweed ribbons far out of His reach,
The shells, the little fish: how vain to tell—
Of all—but I am sure He loved them well.

For He were sure a poet in His moods
In loving waters, birds, and flowers, and woods,
The sunshine and the shadows, pathways dim
With over-hanging branches, rocks all grim
From earthquake, scoured by sun and rain—
The Uplands and the fields of growing grain—
The Insects and the Creatures of the grass
That men, all heedless of strange beauty, pass—
The winds ablowing—the sweet air to drink—
Bareheaded—high on precipice's brink.
And, ah, He loved the mountains and their cliffs,
Their jagged edges, and their faults and rifts—
The thickets growing on their steep ascent,
Their Chaparral—the cedars that were bent
From seaward—and the giant oaks that towered—
Wild shrubs with untrimmed branches, and that flowere
With aromatic perfume; dainty ferns
So delicate like gossamer silk threads
That hasty passer-by scarce sees, discerns,
But trample with rough feet upon their heads.
Strange that He made them all—yet had to learn

Anew—their beauty and their worth discern!
And did He ofttimes look and stand to think
As if on sudden revelations brink!
(Just as boy—a youth—when He was growing)
The God-Head in abeyance, and not knowing
How that His mind conceived each solitary thing
And He once absolute—Creation's King.
Did He with this fact hidden as from sight—
Just as a youth would, take a fond delight
In peering into Nature and her laws—
Examining the structures, wings and claws—
Laughing to find some beauty hid before
As He had ne'er beheld such thing in yore—
And then stop suddenly—as came the questioning thought
"Where have I seen before how such things wrought!
In Dreams?" then former thought—grew void and dim—
As if again the God-Head slept in Him.

And His Jerusalem—He loved her so!
As Boy, as Youth, as Man He loved to go
With springing feet up to each Royal Feast
(Tho' humbly clad, and His gold of the least,)
Her dear old walls, her stately Temple Place,
Her many homes, her streets of narrow space,
Her circling hills, swift rushing Cedron brook,
Hewn Chamber in Rock depths, with many a nook
A Boy will find with wandering restless feet—
The searching mood makes happiness complete.

Did He oft watch the Altar smoke ascending
From Sacrificial Lamb that rose unending,
A thin, soft column reaching up to heaven,
As if the prayer of souls that would be shriven,
A Prayer—that Human sin would be forgiven.
Surely He spent Him many peaceful days
In Temple porches, in its broad, bright ways
Of marble floors, columns, and stately arch;
And saw the daily, hourly steady march
Of Worshippers—watched those from distant lands
With happy faces and gift laden hands
Who loved to join the chorus, Praises swell
To Great Jehovah He who loved to dwell
Inhabiting The Praise of Israel!
Saw He the deeper meaning when He stood
Watching the Priest slay Lamb and sprinkled blood
Upon the horns of the great altar place?
Then saw the hissing flesh consumed by fire—
Surely there came a flush upon His face,
And in His heart a kindling of desire
When He could manhood's Ministry begin
And He Slain Lamb Redeem the World from Sin!

Was not a Cordon drawn around the Boy,
And Michael, Captain, surely with great joy
Watched Him awake, at work, in slumber deep,
A Constant Guardian, one who did not sleep,
Nor ever slacken in his power to keep
Shielding from Harm—(*not from temptation power*
That Cross was His *in every earthly hour*).

Surely the Petty Demons stood at bay,
To Satan was the battle day by day,
Or to his Great Chiefs—free to come and go,
To tempt, and do their best to work HIM woe.
As other boys were tempted so was HE
Yet stood HE in this Glorious Purity
Without a fleck or stain of any sin—
A Holy One that dwelt with sinful men.

Patience! The hardest lesson ever learned by man,
The active brain will ever plot and plan
And fain would be adoing—but to wait
With patience for the opening of the gate
That hath no latch to open by our force—
Simply to wait and let time take its course.

In this the sting—the more than bitter thought—
Perchance, it was our work the hindrance wrought
That now oppose and fret us as we wait,
Impatient, kicking at The Future's gate.
Ah, if we knew it were GOD'S will—why then
We could be patient, braver, better men,
When HE could just have wished—and lo, 'twere done.
Gentle and tender with a woman's way
Of soothing souls that fretted day by day,
But still a stalwart manliness, a mien
That stamped HIM noble, wholesome, sweet and clean.

HE for the future no provision made,
Simply contented with HIS daily trade,
What portion GOD sent to HIM day by day,
Be it the less or more, it had no sway

To gladden or dishearten—as it came
He took with praising thankfulness the same;
He never quivered at The Father's rod—
He simply was a Pensioner on God!

And tho' He ever stood for Righteousness—
He did not stand as Patriot to redress
The Wrongs laid on by crafty Ruler's power—
His talk was neither bitter, fierce, nor sour—
Never His voice in bandying on street—
Nor loitering where gossips loved to meet.
Home Loving, Mother's Son, sick chamber guest,
His presence stood for comfort and for rest
To tired Humanity—and here the power
Of Satan's strong temptation's many an hour:—
"Art thou The Son of God—then why this pain?
Speak but the word and sufferers whole again!
Thou Son of God—and yet let sufferer die!
I challenge thee—Thy God-head I deny!"

And unabashed The Tempter there could stand—
He knew This Man had only to stretch hand—
Disease had vanished if He did command—
Heal sick, raise dead—but, lo, God's hour not come—
The Loving One stood before Satan dumb,
Tho' was it not indeed most hard to see
The suffering, the death, the dire calamity,
He could assuage—but God's law higher still
Therefore He schooled Himself to do God's Will.
If we the wish of Christ were to discern
Then Patience not a lesson hard to learn,

'Tis not for want of faith in CHRIST we fail,
But Doubt stands ready ever to assail,
And say, Not CHRIST's will thus to hinder thee
But 'tis thy sin, thine own perversity,
Thus blocking up the pathway of thy feet
So that thy halting steps are noways fleet.

What thought The Mother of this strange born Son
When youth had passed, and manhood had begun,
Did she expect HIM to claim David's throne,
For it was HIS—and surely HIS alone.
Did she watch anxiously the dawning day.
Surely that morn HIS feet would speed away
To far Jerusalem and claim The Throne.
But as the day sped—and HE worked alone
As usual in shop with tools and boards
Her heart smote her—'Twere surely not The Lord's
Great Angel came to her—she dreamed it all—
The wild fear fell upon her heart, a pall
Of sudden anguish—had she been deceived—
Was it at hour of night her soul received
The Dream—the vision of that Angel Great,
Who filling room with Glory, did relate
Of HIS high Destiny—was all of it a dream—
That Angel presence just a passing gleam
Of moonlight—all delusion of the brain—
Not one on Earth from whom she could obtain
A Word of consolation in her dread,
Elizabeth and Zacharias dead,
And their son John in wilderness was lost;
Surely the Mother mind was torn and tossed

Plaything of fear and hope—not dare she say
To any human what her Hope this day.

And did she draw HIM to a secret place,
Put hands on shoulders, look into HIS face,
Crying: "O King, where is thy sword to-day!
The Roman Foes like snow shalt melt away—
Jerusalem awaits thy Kingly sway!"
And did HE of her thoughts indeed surmise
By sweet, pure, true and tender loving eyes,
And from HIS lips the tender gentle words:
"God's time, my Mother, not with spears and swords!"
She could not question further—but she crept
Into her thoughts, and woman like she wept.

This patient, gentle, solitary man,
Outside of God's HE had no plot, nor plan
For future days. HE waited for that call
All ready for the hour that it may fall.
In this from human beings all apart
HE could not tell of that within HIS heart
To close companion—nor the nearest friend—
Tho' HE in gentleness may condescend
To be a helper, counselor to aid,
And no one living of HIM stood afraid—
HE stood a marked and solitary one
That oft the eye of envy lighted on:
HIS workshop open to the passing street,
The Kindest answer when the neighbors greet,
Patient in toil from rise to set of sun—
What e'er HE wrought at surely was well done.

Did Satan ever hover round His path—
(By Michael kept from any act of wrath)
But free to tempt in many devious ways
Until youth past, and came young manhood's days,
Yet perfect still in deed, in word, in thought,
Tho' for slight flaw the subtle Tempter sought
And if the slightest—He had fled to God
Complain, demanding a chastising rod!
But Perfect, like a jewel without flaw,
His every hour kept sacred, holy law,
Weaving a Righteousness that all may see—
A Lily of the Valley's Purity.
And heralded by John He came, The King
Who would to Israel Restoration bring
Had they accepted Him in faith, in truth,
Messiah without Cavil or dispute,
He would have put forth His Imperial Power
And Israel triumphant in that hour.

But He was meek and lowly—and they saw
Nothing in Him but breaker of their law;
Blinded by cobwebs of rabbinic lore
What was there in Him that they could adore—
A Carpenter of Nazareth to be
The Great Messiah of all Prophecy!
A thought Ridiculous, If David's Son
The throne of David never could be won
With Galilean Fishermen for peers—
With Galilean hillsmen's vaunt and cheers—
Jerusalem the place of David's throne
The Temple, High Priest and Sanhedrim there,

Here let HIM call the Nation and declare
The Roman Power forever overthrown.
No doubt your Satan whispered to their thought—
No word, nor act of his Salvation wrought
To crush cursed Rome and end our suffering—
Jerusalem is still without her King!

"If HE the true Messiah let HIM show
HIS Kingly strength by striking Rome a blow
To shatter Pilate's power, slay Herod's brood—
But HE comes not—but ever cries—'Be Good!'
And crieth from the mountain side: 'Be meek,'
Holy and lowly, and your foeman seek
And let him strike you on the face again,
And thank him in your heart for giving pain—
Pay tributes unto Cæsar—and divide
Your bread and meat with hungry—and provide
The Beggar's back with coat—nor say your prayers
In public places—but in room up stairs
Where no man seeth—give no open alms
Hiding your good deeds in the beggar's palms;
Prating of righteousness in heart and soul
Not let the human passions have control.
Has HE not openly before all men
Said, we were Hypocrites and full of sin
As tombs are full of bones—and slurred our name—
'Til we, the Leaders, are a stench and shame—
We, Rulers of The Nation, thus disgrace—
Shall we to Minion of this ilk give place
Shall we confess our faults to such as HE!
We Israel's Leaders, Hierarchy—be told

We are foul Livers—Greedy of the gold
That is our right to take of in exchange;
Did He not in His insolence derange
The manner of our selling lawful beasts
To far-off Brethren Coming to our feasts.
Does He not show by His contemptuous tone
That we who sit in Moses's high throne
Not honored for ourselves—but for the words
Read from The Law because it is the Lord's.
Hath He not opened floodgates of abuse,
Not veiled in Hyperbole nor framed abstruse,
But by plain words that populace may know,
Thus striking at our Person such a blow
As the receiver should wash out with blood—
For all His allegations understood—
We are the serpents! We the viper brood—
Must bear the lashings of His angry mood,
Because we will not change the manner of our lives.
Now it is either We—or He survives!
For He hath trailed our honor in the dust,
Hath filled the people's minds with a mistrust
Of our good acts, and alms, and pious prayers,
Our houses, clothes and daily table fares,
Be knit in people's minds as paid by gold
That we have stolen by actions manifold—
Therefore dishonored in the People's sight.

He is most wary in each public speech
None can confound Him—none can over reach—
Mark you how servile to Mosaic law
He never yet has hinted of a flaw!

But to Rabbinical most sacred lore
He sneers as never sneered a Jew before!
Holds such as worthless, teach men to resist
But on the Laws in Pentateuch insist;
He stands all hidebound to the simplest rite—
All perfect to His Gallilean sight—
He stands a menace to all liberal thought
In Grecian—Roman learning has not sought
To cull a single Glory from their mind!
The Narrowest of Jews—His mind confined
To *"What is Written!"* and all else despise
As Grecian subtle thoughts no more than lies!
Has God not spoken for six hundred years,
Surely all Grecian Thoughts not writ in vain—
Shall we but deem it a most foolish thing
That Aristotle should God's message bring,
That Socrates's and Plato's brilliant words
Without a single breathing of The Lord's;
That God no message for the Human Race!
To liberal Mind unthinkable disgrace—
And if as Jewish Leaders we retain
A Leadership of Nations we must let
Our minds be open—some so-called Truths forget—
But this New Knowledge we shall not discuss
We Sadducees—you Pharisees—may fuss
And so distract our force—now all stand
Before the Greatest Question in this Land!

What shall we do with Christ!
That is the thing
To bring us peace, or bring us suffering!

And He is not a man we can despise—
For some of us have seen with human eyes
That Leper's son of Bethany decay—
And from the stench our nostrils turned away
And, lo, today within the Temple place
We've seen His smiling—yet accursed face—
And all men see that Sinner blind from birth!
Surely of other cases are no dearth—
Facts—Facts—or some Egyptian trick and fraud
The Rabble all believing now applaud.
So now as openly to common eyes
Not mincing words He hailed us to despise
With open insult—so the end has come
Either His voice, or our voice, must be dumb!
If David's Son for us He hath no use,
And one may plainly read in His abuse
'Tis Death for us should He come to the throne!
And should He dare tomorrow to disown
The Roman Power—the eventide would see
Our bodies slain by rabble butchery.
And mark you, that no coward lives in Him
Stalwart in frame, and stately in each limb—
Our spies that boasted a few days ago
He feared our wrath and fled to desert place,
Were only fools, their lying wits were slow
To read This man—not His the Coward face!
Doth He not daily in the temple teach
As free as He were leagues beyond our reach—
He coward, bah, He'd dare us even here—
Tho' worse in hate than any tiger's lair.

His heart is fixed on thorough Righteousness!
And a year's waiting to Him more or less
A thing not countable if He but wins
The common people from their common sins—
A Race of John Disciples seems His aim—
At any moment may the people turn
And with repentant, and confessions shame,
Feel in their hearts His Righteousness to burn—
And then He may step forth as David's son,
For by such Bigots quickly throne is won—
'Tis our life or 'tis His—who casts the die—
My vote is—*That The Gallilean Die!*"

What of that night when Paschal moon shone high
In its full roundness to the spring time sky,
And in shut homes the Paschal Supper spread
The Roasted Lamb—the herbs—unleavened bread?

And He who was The Paschal Lamb indeed
Hated of the Religious, and by Greed,
Was marked for slaughter on that moonlit night—
Were you on watch with ceaseless peering sight,
And as you saw Him coming down the height
From City Gate—to where the Cedron brook
Babbled and sobbed o'er rocks and shadowed nook.
His feet were in the waters—and they laughed
As those who cup of pleasure sweet had quaffed—
Perchance, they dreamed whereto His feet were bent,
How oft their coolness to His feet were lent
When He went to the Garden that was nigh;
But surely now the waters did not know

His feet were set upon a path of woe
And would not stop 'til Calvary was won—
A Victim on the Cross in blazing Sun.

That hidden now—with laugh they laved His feet
And sang out to the grass, and flowers sweet,
That He was coming for His wanton rest
So let them give of fragrance of the best—
They sang out to the trees—"Lo! He is near
Now give The King the best of calm and cheer—
O leaves, that droop above the Royal head
Lull ye to slumber—if the grass His Bed."

With His Disciples entered in the shade—
And did you enter—or were you afraid—
And from dark thicket watched Him as He came;
Or didst thou crouch down to the earth in shame
To spy on Him—and when alone He went
Wert thou not filled with sore astonishment
To see this Kingly One as torn and rent,
Shaken in dread and shivering earthward bent—
Prone on the earth—and that heart breaking moan—
Speak out, and say—was He there all alone:
Or was thy Master Satan there that hour,
With all his matchless and tremendous power,
To frighten this Lone Sufferer and spread
Essence of Suffering on His human head—
(*Did here the* God-Head *somewhat stand apart*—)
Alone it was the human stricken heart
That felt the Awful Darkness of sin's guilt—
In that fell Simoom did the human wilt

And stretched there with His face to the grass sod
Cried out in seeming Hopelessness for God!

And if the Natures Twain that One Christ made—
Together stricken in that midnight shade
How hideous must be sin before God's sight.
Lo, from The Christ upon that fatal night
Did God withdraw—and left Him suffer there
Like a lost spirit in a fell despair
That none of earth hath power to comprehend.

But the Fell Suffering at last had end—
And surely Michael's Angels filled the place
And Satan in his failure and disgrace
Driven like a whipped hound from the path—
Slinking away in shivering of wrath
To where The Band was by the Traitor led,
To pile new insults on The God-Man's head—

Didst thou not shiver when the kiss was given—
Heard then the clanging of the gates of Heaven
Shut on The Traitor ever more—Then driven
By his despair—unto the dismal place—
Wert thou as one to mock him to his face—
Shrieking thy hideousness into his ears
And when the eyes, wherein could come no tears,
Saw a low branch of tree—Didst thou tempt him
To swing by girdle from tree's shuddering limb
That would not bear such an accursed thing,
But all night sighed, and moaned in suffering,
At such a fatal ignominious disgrace—
Shivering to see distorted—swollen face—
And didst thou shriek:—"O Traitor, it is just!"

Then didst thou shake off feet accursed dust,
And ran to see where to THE LAMB was led—
To where old Annas raised his greedy head,
And venom hissed at HIM who was so bold
As to curtail the flowing in of Gold—
Rejoiced to find the victim to his view
He scarce had hoped that Judas would prove true—
Pious Religious Greed—with whetted teeth
Would fain with frenzy in this victim meet.
And Satan, standing by His side, controlled
The Old Man's powers, and whispered what to say.
It surely was a terrible array
Of Satan's Minions—all His Great Ones there
Marshalled around Him, hatred to declare
Against THE LAMB—who seemed to stand alone—
But upward was a clear path to The Throne
Of THE ETERNAL—and JEHOVAH'S eye
Fixed on THE WELL BELOVED SON—a sigh
Had brought ten myriad Angels from the sky
To aid THE LAMB had HE but lifted eye.
But now alone—so calm, and so acute—
Not one of all HIS senses now was mute
HE stood alone THE SACRIFICIAL LAMB
Seen, but not aided, by THE GREAT I AM!
And where wert thou within that Crowded space—
Perched on some nook whence thou could watch each face—
Now Annas, and now Satan—then awed to see
How THE GREAT CHRIST stood their contumely

His Silence so magnificent—when rout,
When wrath of Hatefulness filled every mouth;
A maelstrom of Iniquity and sin
Trying to suck that silent victim in!

And then when Annas spittled forth greed's spite
Led you The Victim to Caiaphas's sight,
To be condemned by outrage of all law—
And as grim cowardice in them had awe
Of Roman Might, did then Proud Satan lead
The Rabble unto Pilate for grim deed
Of Crucifixion as more meaner death.

But here a grimmer opposition met—
For Pilate, by dark hatred here not swayed,
Gave a grim mocking at the charges laid
On this young Galilean, who had mien
More Kingly than in Cæsar ever seen—
Open of face, great eyes all sweet and clear—
Lo, Pilate knew A Prince of men stood near—
The gentle mouth so strong in hinting power—
The open, broad, fair brow that had no lower
Of evil lurking in a single line—
The hair unshorn—like color of new wine—
Clustering as halo round about His face—
The unseamed garment falling with more grace
Than any purple ever Cæsar wore—
He ne'er had gazed upon such One before!
And the stern Roman felt his heart grow weak,
His stern contempt fell from his eye and cheek,
He felt as He the Culprit not this One

On whom it was a joy to look upon—
This was A Prince of men—honest and true,
And strangely at his heart a wonder grew!
And Pilate standing for The State had freed
Awed by The Man, did even intercede
With Piety and Greed—to set HIM free.
This Roman Governor could plainly see
That envy of This Being was the Cause
And not for love of any Roman laws—
And He who was all brusque to sweep aside
Carrion of men, careless how they died,
Halted, perplexed—and strangely ill at ease.

Wanting to free HIM, yet Jew Leaders please,
For he could see the rabble but the mouth
Whereby the Leaders shrieked their hatred out.
And then this message from his wife—his mind
In crafty flight sought to and fro to find
An outlet feasible—some two-faced plan
For He was awed before This Silent Man!
And had not Satan Self been there to guide—
The High Priest wrath—CHRIST by Him ne'er had died!
Tho' Satan failed with Pilate—with the priests
He won his victory—made them howling beasts
Ravening for blood—Put in their mouth that cry
That surely enemies would not let die,
"Thou art no Friend of Cæsar!" struck his ears
The spirit quailed—and groped in coward fears.
For tho' Capraria isle was far away—
The Pearl of Islands glorious in display—
Blue waters and blue skies—and sun kissed shore—

Where Art and Nature poured a priceless store
To make the aged Cæsar satisfied—
Where not a sense of Human was denied—
Where Vice and Beauty laughed and danced together
O'er marble floors—amid Spring's gayest weather—
And Cæsar envious in the clutch of age
Gloating o'er that he may no more engage
'Mid that Debauchery—had open ears
For that word "Treason."

So human fears
Swept all the Spirit's questioning aside,
The cry of Treason shattered all his pride—
How God and Evil fought within his breast
He by hand washing openly confessed.

Surely 'twas Satan that inspired that Cry
Shouted on Earth but registered on high—
And standing yet before the human eye
Tho' weary, weary centuries gone by—
Each year gives answer to that fell desire
By hunger, thirst, by rack, by spear and fire,
By dire contumely, by hate and scorn,
The Fatal Boon they cried for on that morn
Hath rested of the Children of The Men
Who in desire of vengeance fierce to win—
Cried out to Pilate—with THAT CHRIST in view:

"HIS *Blood be on us, on our Children too!*"

Then when the Coward Judge gave fell command
Didst thou unseen mingle with soldier band
To urge them spit upon that silent face—
Or didst thou not shrink back a little space
In pity of this SOLITARY ONE
On whom Satanic hate was fixed upon—
For surely it was Satan led the Route—
And tho' unseen struck fiercely at the mouth
Of HIM who treated with a proud disdain—
Surely around THE CHRIST Satanic train
Pressed close to show the hatred of the heart—
Tho' Human eyes saw not—and nerved each hand
Of Human being who around HIM stand
To do HIM vileness. And the mockery
Of Crown, and Robe, and Sceptre, Satan's jest.
And he and his great Lords in maddening quest
For outrage—surely pained thy Soul to see!—

And when THE VICTIM sent to Herod's house
Surely Prince Satan led that loud carouse,
The human saw not on that early morn
The Revelry of Hell—the hate and scorn
Displayed by Satan—but the Angels saw
From Heaven ramparts, in a speechless awe,
Wassail of Hell around GOD'S ONLY SON!
For Demons dreamed they had most surely won
A victory—and surely did let loose
A flood of Insult, and of foul abuse,
Astonishing to Angels—who were dumb
Breathless in wonderment what next to come.

The human eyes that through house lattice peered
Saw but the rabble as they slowly neared—
Then passed to street where Herod's Palace stood—
They saw the humans who in angry flood
Pressed round the Galilean with wild cries—
'Twas VICTIM, street, mad Rabble, to their eyes—
But Angels saw myriads of demons there
Polluting all the sweet fresh morning air
With their lascivious malice—saw the street
Crowded from end to end with noiseless feet
Thick as dead leaves of forest in the fall—
And their loud shouting like to tempest's brawl
Beat to the skies defiance fierce and strong—
With Satan leading Weary CHRIST along!
This was Satanic triumph most complete—
A Royal Highway surely this grim street
A victor with a Captive at his heels—
A silent Captive who makes no appeals
For help to THE JEHOVAH who looks on
At this vile Insult to HIS ONLY SON!

Closed are thy lips—nor never will relate
Of that weird journey to the outer gate—
Up to the spot which like a skull grinned there—
And did the Demon legions still rend air
With taunts and insults to THE SUFFERING ONE,
Who with the weary, tottering feet went on
Nor rallied back at HIS enemies—not made
One mention of the insults on HIM laid.

Then the three Crosses standing in the sun—
Was Satan confident of victory won—

Or did He breathless stand, His Great Lords nigh,
To see if GOD would let The Victim die—
For was it not a mystery to him
How GOD had let the nails pierce every limb—
Where would the rescue be—and when the hour
This patient CHRIST would ask JEHOVAH's power.
Surely his Demons circled all around,
Thick as the grass that held that hilly mound,
Fearing each moment Michael's trump to hear—
It was a time of gladness, and of fear—
As one who stands tiptoe to wait event
Each passing minute joy and terror lent,
Aye, every sense expectantly was bent,
Like lake—now still—and now with tempest rent.

And what your thought when sudden darkness came—
Did you hoarse whisper—'Tis at last our shame!
But as the Seconds into Minutes grew
And such to Hours—the closer Demons drew
Around that Cross—atrembling for the end—
Waiting what Blight JEHOVAH yet would send—
All listening for the quivering of air
That may foretell of Michael's hosts anear—
And as they came not, Satan's hopes grew high
What, would JEHOVAH let THE VICTIM Die!
Then from the Darkness rang the Dying Cry—
"TIS FINISHED!"

Satan knew that CHRIST was dead!
But e'er a shout of triumph could be said
There swept down Heaven's Armies from on high,

And Demon hosts were shattered like to mist—
Yea, even quicker than they thought, or wist,
All beaten back from where the crosses stood—
And around the crosses an angelic flood
Of Cherubim and Seraphim and those
Who in GOD's Highest service face GOD's foes.

And Satan surely then discomforted—
For surely all of his vile minions fled
Nor dare to stand in all that heaven lit path—
They knew not when may burst Angelic wrath.

So all day long, until the evening came,
That mount was litten by angelic flame,
And not one enemy may come anigh
As Michael watched where VICTIM still nailed high.

And as Earth's loved ones mourning of their loss
Came in the eve and took HIM from the Cross,
Love laid HIM in the sepulchre of stone.
Surely the Human never was alone
But Angels, the most Excellent, and Great,
Watched o'er that Body in most regal state,
The Mightiest of Created stood around,
Three days and nights it was most Holy Ground—
A Bivouac of Angels held the place—
And never nigh came any demon's face
Nor none to do HIM ill of Human race.

Why should it for Humanity alone
That Christ in Dying only should atone—

Surely His Death had higher, vaster scope—
Not of the critic's foolish Larger Hope —
For when The Blood of Christ men will despise
They then are reprobates before God's eyes—
They who despise The Blood that Christ once shed
Have condemnation hanging o'er their head—
And if in such a state they pass away
From earth—for them—come no repenting day—
No other chance, no hope, No saving grace—
But ignomy, and terrors and Disgrace—
There is no Larger Hope in the Hereafter—
Such Hope is only fit for demon's laughter.

But may I think, O Demon, to thy Race
CHRIST once revealed a pardoning free grace,
And all who stood repentant HE would save—
For the three Days HIS Body in the grave
Did HE not go to Hades to proclaim
That all who trusted in HIS Blessed name—
That every Demon who would turn from sin
In HIM would find a Saviour even then.
And Thou most certainly must have been there—
In that vast spacious Chamber of Despair
The Conquering CHRIST came with Imperial Grace
And all the Demons saw HIM face to face.
There Lucifer and Princes of his realm
The many million Sin did overwhelm
In far-off ages—one and all now stood,
As CHRIST proclaimed Salvation by HIS blood,
Gave Royal Proclamation of Sweet Peace
Three days, three nights HIS pleadings did not cease—

And truly I am hopeful some Believed,
And truly I am hopeful some Received
Pardon of Sin—and free Salvation felt;
Shall we not say, that millions gladly knelt
Acknowledging HIM THEIR SAVIOUR and their Master!
How Satan must have fumed at such disaster
And shrieked disdain—and made the lying boast
That even now the Christly soul was lost—
His was no better than the meanest soul
That Death and Hades held in their control—
And in the Flesh He would not go again—
That He too victim to the thrall of sin—
His birth miraculous a silly lie—
That He was nothing but a base Deceiver—
And woe to him who would be a Believer
Hell not too deep, and Heaven not too high,
But Satan's hand would find, and not relent
'Til on that soul an awful punishment.

Did CHRIST'S Words make you quiver, hesitate—
Did you appalled at blackness of your fate
Listen, and felt a stirring in your breast,
A longing for the Blessing and the Rest
That you had known so well in days of yore—
And did there come a wishing to deplore
Your former sins—in peace with GOD once more—
And had you put out foot to go to HIM—
And did not Satan with a fury grim
Look with sharp eyes as they a molten crater
And sneering said, "You surely not a traitor!"
"Pay homage to a Man—naught else is He—

Whom I have crucified on Calvary—
Has any spirit broke this prison place—
Hast thou on Earth found man of any Race
Confined here once, now living on the earth—
From out yon portal never second birth.
Were he GOD's SON He would not now be here,
And of His body now I can declare,
The Worms are eating what the gases rent,
And now He tells the lies that GOD has sent
Him as Ambassador.—If this is so
Now let Him come in Body here below
In flesh and Blood and then we will receive—
And even I—myself on Him Believe.
He cannot, nay, He's but a human soul
To Hades sent—and under Death's control—
And now He seeks to wreck this realm of Ours,
Would fain distract and rend out vital Powers,
Would stop our growth—for surely 'twas my sin
That brings to Hades myriads of lost men—
We waxeth great—and who may tell the hour
We shall not blossom to a strength and Power
To scale the heights of Heaven and take its throne—
And Lucifer be King—and King alone—
When have I ever failed you in the past—
And to Eternity my rule shall Last!"

Was it such words had turned thy soul away—
Believing Lucifer you still would stay
Faithful to him and all his evil Powers.

Then was there not an ending to the Hours
That Mercy offered—CHRIST no more would plead—
You were so blinded by Satanic screed—
You turned away your face and hissed your hate,
For you believed the Devil's lie—and deemed the fate
That followed all Humanity the same—
And CHRIST as far as Earth concerned but a name—
HE could not pass the portals of that place.

And then did CHRIST grow silent for a space
And, ah, so sorrowful the look on face
As if HIS heart were breaking with great pain—
And once more, lo, the hands outstretched again
As HE would circle and would take all in;
And cleanse them from their sorrow and their sin,
Then did HE give last offer of HIS Peace—

Then a dead stillness, silence—pleadings cease—
The Hour had passed—In Hades not a sound—
HE slowly, very slowly, turned around,
As if HE listened eagerly to hear
The faintest sound of pleading to HIS ear—
Then suddenly the place HE stood grew dim—
Then lost as if the night had swallowed HIM
HE went with the Repentant in HIS train—
But never did, nor shall, return again.

Say, did you not with Satan and his Host
Feel in that Hour that all were doubly lost—
And Mercy's door was closed forever tight—
Nor in most distant ages bless their sight.
Resolved that Sin no bitterness should slake

But still keep sinning for the sinning sake;
All thought of a repentance cast aside
But a new hate against THE CRUCIFIED
To make the beings for whose sake HE died
Be a rebellious, sinful, wicked race,
And to HIS name and honour a Disgrace;
Make of HIS heaven a very empty place,
Make of Redemption as a thing but dreamed—
And People Hades with a Race Redeemed!
Thus flouting THE REDEEMER'S Day of Grace
Your feet still set to shame and to disgrace!

Lo, then the glorious Resurrection Day
When Angels shouting rolled the stone away,
And HE came forth THE GOD-MAN in HIS prime,
The Conqueror of Death—And all the Host sublime,
Prostrated fell before the nail-pierced feet,
Shouting Glad Praise Magnificently sweet!

Ah, thou art silent of that bitter morn
When all Satanic Powers were put to scorn,
Satan from Hades lowest depth retreat,
Came forth acknowledging his fell defeat—
Surely to thine and thee a bitter hour
For crushed and shattered Evil's brazen Power—
The CHRIST triumphant—and THE MAN, THE KING
To whom Creation must allegiance bring—
THIS MAN alone in Heaven, Earth and Hell
Could an allegiance from All Life compel—
THE MAN was absolute—HIS will was law—
The Highest of Archangels bent in awe—

Executor of GODHEAD—HE alone
Stood for the GODHEAD on Eternal Throne—
And none may make petition but to HIM—
THE FATHER and THE SPIRIT would not hear
Of prayer, or cry no matter who came near—
Unless addressed through CHRIST all prayers were vain
Reply, or answer no one would obtain—
GOD had provided CHRIST THE LIVING WAY—
If One despises—GOD has naught to say—
But is as silent as a tomb may be!
This HIS Desire throughout Eternity
THE SON shall wear The Royal Diadem,
The Universe be Ruled by Christly rod
ONLY THROUGH CHRIST CAN ANY COME TO GOD.

O Glorious Day THAT CHRIST THE SAVIOUR came
From out the tomb of Infamy and shame,
Bursting the bonds of Death in HIS own might
Appareled in Glory—forth to Angel sight
Angelic Hosts who hailed HIM as GOD'S Own
Gathered around to bear HIM to GOD'S Throne;
HE—*Essence of Divinity in Sooth*—
A Grand Refulgence of Immortal Youth—
The Wondrous God-Power flashing through the flesh—
HIS form as if an alabaster mesh
That made it possible for eye to see
The Godhead in effulgent Majesty!

And now as Conqueror to Heaven ascends—
Where GOD THE FATHER from HIS High throne bends
With open arms to clasp THE ONLY SON

Who in OWN Might All Victory hath won—
Myriads of Angels stand on either side
Shouting Hosannahs to THE CRUCIFIED.
Up, up the shining, grand, ethereal way
Surely a glittering, brilliant vast array—
Such unconceivable to human brain—
THAT CONQUERING PRINCE AND HIS IMPERIAL train—
With Satan conquered as a prisoner led,
Surely defeat's grim ashes on his head—
And his great chiefs, each sullen, hanging face,
Feeling all keenly of this dire disgrace,
Bitter in soul, but borne swift along,
Ashamed to look upon the shouting throng
Of those who were companions long ago,
Filled to o'erflowing now their cup of woe
THE MAN they mocked, and scorned, and flouted so,
Now held their fate in hollow of HIS hand,
For now obedient to HIS great Command
They came as Captives with unwilling feet—
To show the Universe their fell defeat—
CHRIST showed all openly, and made Display
Of these The Rebels who on long-past day
Flouted HIS Power, and HIS Authority!
And now the Gathered Armies of all Life
From all the Worlds that hang in outstretched space
No matter how far distant they may be
Gathered to see THE VICTOR of the Strife!
So every eye saw demon's dire disgrace;
And so with bitterness they took their way
As outcast Lepers through that vast array—
Knowing they were condemned by every eye—
Not knowing what their sentence drawing nigh—

With not the shadow of a hope to cheer—
Trembling, abashed, and full of deadly fear!

And now one cry from all that vast array—
Ah, none such like it in Eternal Day:—

"Lift up your Heads! Be Lifted up ye Gates!
The Lord of Glory at your portal waits—
Swing back, ye everlasting Doors, and let Him in!

Who is this King of Glory that awaits
For entrance at High Heaven's Kingly Gates,
What is His Right and Title to come in!

'Tis CHRIST JEHOVAH, *Conqueror of Sin!*
Throw wide your gates and let The Victor in,
THE KING OF GLORY *with the strength to win!*
HIS *was alone the Battle and the Fight,*
HIS *Power hath shattered Evil and its might,*
The Powers of Hell are shivering in HIS *sight!*
Lift up your heads! be lifted up, ye gates!
Ye everlasting Doors, swing open wide
And let THE KING OF GLORY *enter in—*
Let HIS *attendants, like an ocean wide,*
Bear in THE KING OF GLORY *to* HIS *place—*
Bear HIM *to meet* JEHOVAH *face to face—*
THE PRINCE OF LIFE *who hath the Right alone*
To share the Honors of The Eternal throne—
THE GREAT REDEEMER—CRUSHER OF ALL SIN
THE KING OF GLORY—LET HIM ENTER IN!"

Say wert thou of the Captives in that hour—
Or didst in Hades' deepest chamber cower
With a great fear in every centering nerve?
Asking the question, "Will THE CHRIST preserve
Our lives—or falls the hour of awful Doom
And we confined in everlasting gloom!"
What fierce thought racked thee as thou waited there
And surely 'twas a lifting of Despair
When Satan and His Chiefs slunk back to say—
"They were a free until a later day."
And sin again bloomed with a visage strong
Hate and defiance in that stricken throng.

What dost thou know of Mary Magdalen?
Thou surely hast that famous woman seen,
For sure one scarce can couple with her name
The thought of any harlotry shame.
For surely in that time were those possessed
Of Demons—making men's heart's a foul nest
For other thoughts besides the sexly crime.

Perchance, tho' seven Demons in her breast
Such passions varied that gave her no rest
Like Envy, Hate and Malice, which her soul had nursed
Until her mind—desires and life accursed.
I have to think that Mary surely pure
Of sexly passion—in that way demure—
But violent otherwise in fits of spite.
Suppose that Fancy pictures to the sight:—

A Mary fair who was an only child,
On whom the God of Fortune truly smiled,
Born as it were upon a couch of gold
A Luxury—a lavishment too bold
For sense artistic—but her sire did make
Love for display and ostentation sake.
Perchance, by usury he had grown rich
With vast possession, and yet still the itch
Of greedy plunder so possessed his soul
That greed had won an absolute control
Of heart, and brain, and every thought was gain,
No matter how the baseness to obtain,
Lying and cheating woman, child, and man,
And woe, to them who would obstruct his plan,
Fierce, ruthless, nor of man or GOD afraid,
Unscrupulous in every art of Trade.
While his paid servants groveled to his face
They felt in heart such service a disgrace,
Behind his back made laughter and grimace.
Suppose the Father, usurious old Jew,
Who from the widow and the orphan drew
Alike from rich, from poor as 'twere life's blood—
Hated alike by Roman, Jew and Greek,
He dared not of his Kindred welcome seek,
Hated, abhorred by every Race he stood.
E'en Anna who an evil name then bore,
Crafty in greed in adding to his store,
Refused Her Father's gifts at temple door.

Perchance, her childhood, girlhood ne'er felt
Aught but of pleasure from this swollen wealth,
And life for years a long, sweet holiday—

For wealth could keep the stinging truth at bay.
With womanhood had blossomed higher aim
Then heard the evil of her father's name
She stood a leper to Society—
Outside the circle where she longed to be—
But all her father's wealth could force no way
To enter in—all held her pride at bay—
Tho' pearls were dropping from her finger tips
Her father's name her beauty did eclipse
And turned to ashes sweetness at her lips.
The Jew, the Greek, the Roman had but sneers—
Where e'er she went mortification's tears
Blurred all the glorious splendor in her eyes,
In Court, in theatre all saw her to despise.
Perchance, love centered on some noble man—
And he indeed at first sight glad to scan
Her face, and thought it beautiful and fair,
The splendor of her eyes, the glory of her hair,
The form of grace, built on the classic Greek—
But when he came her name and race to seek
He found she surely was for him exempt—
Cast her aside with loathing and contempt—
To wed such one a dire disgrace and shame
By giving to such Dame his own good name.

As damaged goods thrown back on Dry Goods shelf—
A thing despised she shrank into herself—
And groping in thick darkness of despair
Surely some Demons saw a prize stood there—
They vex and fretted her a thousand ways—
And as the insults multiplied with days
With bitter tongue she let wild temper loose

Father and servants shrank from her abuse—
Her Jewish faith she trampeled on in spite—
And peering, groping into Heathen rite,
Love Philters, Sorcery, and magic spell,
Into the Demon's power she quickly fell—
They entered in and made their unclean nest
In once sweet chambers of the Woman's breast.

And, Lo, THE CHRIST, sweetly compassionate,
Heard of her plight—and pitying such fate—
Set out with willing feet to free her soul
And Drive the Demons from their fell control;
Perchance she heard the coming of His feet
And Demons urged her to a quick retreat—
Afraid she hid—deep in the garden glade—
Nor thought that HE would find the dark trees' shade,
Cowering like wild beast, groveling to the ground,
And when she heard HIS sandal footstep sound
Rose up with snarl, as tho' a wild beast fierce,
But when HIS eyes her spirit seemed to pierce
She fell all helpless back again afraid,
Hope in her heart at gracious words HE said:
"Come out of Her!" and the demons crept
Quickly from sight of HIM—
And Mary wept.

And where wert thou when Constantine, the beast,
With bloody jowls came to the Christian Feast,
Making the Church of CHRIST a den of thieves—
Made Devil's Thorns as they were Christian sheaves—
For Policy of State took up The Cross.

And many millions fearing earthly loss
Flocked to the Churches when their hearts were yet
On every filth of Heathendom still set.
CHRIST'S parable about the mustard tree—
(Set forth before the world that all may see—)
Flourished indeed, a vile monstrosity,
The Mustard shrub became an Upas tree,
Where the foul birds of prey in branches made
Their nest all foul—and so THE CHRIST betrayed.
Of waiting for HER LORD The Church grew tired—
Her love grew languid—and her wish desired
The purple and the gems, silver and gold—
The Palaces were beautiful—the fold
No longer had sweet shelter of its own—
The Cross was heavy—she would have a throne—
And so she grasped at Empire and Estate—
Her heart was tired of suffering.—Elate
Was she of grasping Sceptered Purple Power
So she forgot HER LORD that ghastly hour.
When Constantine took name of CHRIST on lips
The Church then suffered her supreme eclipse,
With purple of The Cæsar's came a curse,
Ambitious men who craved both power and purse
Entered the priesthood emolument to take
Heathens at heart and solely for the sake
Of Earthly gain—so a flood let loose
Of Simony, and plunder, and abuse,
Of all things Christly—the ceremonies
Of Heathendom did so-called Churches seize
And made them Christian—Images by paints
Lately Greek Gods now blossomed into saints—

And a black Isis—she of Egypt fame—
Would fain forget her infamy and shame
And worshipped was by some sweet Christian name.
The Grecian-Roman Gods—by wholesale brought—
To masquerade their virtues in new thought;
And Heathen superstitions crept in creeds
So men were lax of morals in their deeds;
A Beast was baptized Christian but was still
A Heathen in his heart, and wish, and will,
The simple changing of the name was all—
Nor never will The Church recover from that fall.
Lust, Rapine, Murder, by the Church was blest,
The East's pernicious practices spread West,
And Christianity decrepit thing—
(Instead of CHRIST) with Lucifer for King
Past through the middle Ages; few the men
Who here and there denounced all open Sin,
Making more hideous wild beasts that dwelt
Within Church walls, a brothel wherein wealth
Fed Crime—flesh putrid, cursing all the air—
Where Birds of Prey their stolen plunder share.

The Devil paid their price in earthly coin;
The Church no longer watched, with girded loin,
The waiting for THE CHRIST was put aside—
No longer in the watch tower would abide.
Why should they linger through long hours of woe
When all the wide World's feast was spread below—
The dainty meats, sweet wines, and morsels rare,
Food for all God-given appetites stood there;
The purples, and the laces, and rare stones;

The jest, the laugh, the dance, the music tones—
And all delights for which the senses lust;
While in the Watch tower sackcloth, and the Crust,
And bitter Persecution near at hand,
The gibbet, and the cross, arena sand
With Christians huddling from the wild beast's tooth;
Surely the heart and spirit were not mute,
So lack of waiting Grace cried out to be
Feasted and Honored—Guests of Royalty.

And Satan taught The Church to become wise,
Began THE WORD to spiritualize—
The Great Hope of The Church was surely vain—
THE CHRIST *would ne'er return for earthly reign!*
The thought abhorrent that THE CHRIST should be
Dwelling amid a flesh Humanity—
The Fathers were mistaken in their claims,
The Teaching of The Ancient Word but aims
To give a spirit picture what would be
When world was won to Christianity—
Gross were the visions of an earthly reign
THE CHRIST should Rule in heart, in act, in brain,
Rule in The Church—All ancient prophecy
Spoke of the Church—of Glories yet to be.
The Jew had forfeited forever more
His land, his promises, his ancient weal—
THE CHRIST would never to Jew such restore.
Thus did the Church deliberately steal
The Jewish Blessings—said, the Time had come
When Christian People be no longer dumb,
But dare to claim for CHRIST what was HIS own

The splendor of The World—a World Wide throne!
Too long they had been cheated of their Right—
Now they should rise up in the Christly might,
For surely CHRIST in Constantine had spoken,
The Blazing Cross in sky the Holy token—
That over all The World the Royal Words:
"The Kingdoms of The World are now The Lord's!"

So Lucifer and all his hosts marched in
The temples of the Church, to rule base men,
Who cried: "Behold Millennium Days have come!"

So the true followers of CHRIST stood dumb,
True Conquests of The Church were brought to naught,
CHRIST's Creeds were mingled with base heathen thought,
So they who loved THE CHRIST must stand aside
Once more in Wilderness with CHRIST abide.
Ah, where wert thou through all these lurid days?
Surely thine heart successful in such ways
As led the Christian heart and brain astray,
Whether in rabble, or in princely way,
Thy cunning surely equal to thy task;
Nor did you aught of indolence then ask,
Surely stood victor in each enterprise,
Perchance, had won foul splendor in the eyes
Of Captain, Prince, and even Lucifer,
Some sterling honor did on thee confer!

But Satan raised up Teachers that in sooth
Mingle Greek Wisdom with the Gospel Truth

When Origen—and such false Teachers taught
Wisdom of Hell in simple Christian thought—
Then spiritualizing was the rage
And every narrative on Bible page
Had mystic sense—as nothing truly **real,**
All things were spiritual and Ideal,
'Til simplest message in GOD'S Word abstruse
And for the Common People little use.
And quickly spreading from such damned abuse
The Bible Truth contorted as each man
Conceived that what ought to have been GOD'S ***plan.***
Hope of the Early Church was soon forgot
Till now professing church will have it not—
Return of CHRIST! they scorn it, and deride,
And in Satanic insolence and pride—
Preach a Half Gospel—give no hope to man
That CHRIST is pledged to vast Redemptive Plan,
That Human Flesh is to HIM dear as soul,
And to Redeem Flesh gave HIS life as toll,
And that The Earth is precious to HIS sight,
That as HE has Redeemed—so shall HIS might
Cleanse Soul, and Flesh, and beautify the earth,
To be a place of Peace and joy and mirth.

Oh, why will ministers then close their eyes—
Cannot they see the multitudes despise
Holding their saving of the soul a thing
Of little worth besides Life's suffering—
While Precious Truth the tale of Sin Forgiven—
And sweet to dream of rapturous far-off Heaven.

Hunger stands gaunt o'er half the Human Race
Shaking its famine fingers in their face—
Millions not knowing where tomorrow's bread—
Gaunt childhood on gaunt mothers' breast unfed—
One-half the world shivers in scanty dress—
Three-fourths of all the world no homes possess—
Rent payers—aye, never once home dwellers—
In Hovels, Garrets and chill damp cellars—
Live hand to mouth—with never chance to save
For future wants—nor money for a grave—
A round of weary toil for bit and sup—
To aged lips held misery's full cup—
Like beasts of Burden—narrow is their scope
Without a single, solitary hope
Tomorrow will be better than today—
While sin's temptations openly display
Some antidote to drive an hour or two away
The fretting and the blackness of despair—
The coarser pleasures—brothel and vile drink—
Strong is the chain and sin joins link to link
Until the battered form slips over brink
To that fell place of which we may not think!
No use to blind one's eyes, for all may see
O'er all Humanity a restless sea
Of surging, heaving, tossing misery—
Pain hath electric needles and she stands
With shafts of torture in her busy hands
Sending her biting arrows to all lands—
Laughter is swift—but grief is swifter still—
Smiles sweet and soft—but Tears have stronger will—
Ah, scarce a merry song but ends with wail—
And scarce a Right but Wrong stands to prevail.

Base Demon, surely but thy quest shall win—
In early Christian years didst thou begin
Thy work of cunning that would lead to this—
At first 'twere little thing to be amiss
On literal meaning on the Blessed Page—
No harm thought Leader of the Church to read
A Spiritual meaning to each fact—
A Spiritual lesson from each deed—
But such a fatal reasoning did detract
From simple statements all their force and power—
And then, alas, the more than fatal hour
When Church robbed Israel of her GOD given Place—
And utterly cast out the Jews—as Race
From thousand Promises in ancient book—
Gave Jew the curse—the Church the Blessing took.
Jerusalem on the Prophetic Page
The Heavenly City of the Christian age,
And every little church a Zion stood,
And every Jewish blessing understood
A boon alone in spiritual sense,
The Jew was robbed by Piety intense
By earthly Leaders—dare Later Christian say
Such holy minds in such would go astray—
So centuries of usage shaped a creed
That only from The Devil did proceed—
Such crime of Early Fathers handed down
And he who differed was a knave or clown—
Until GOD's words became Kaleidoscope—
(Destroying once for all the Jewish Hope)

A book whose statement may mean anything
Just as if suited Fancy's soaring wing—
And as this latitude to long a Rope
Men straightway sanctified and made a Pope—
So o'er men's minds appalling darkness curled
And the dark ages fell upon the world.

Then when CHRIST sent The Reformation Day,
And with Imperial hand had swept away
The Cobwebs and the foul dirt on HIS Truth,
The stalwart souls no longer were fear mute,
Spread it abroad in words of thunder tone:
"We're justified by Faith and that alone!"
Alas, except in dilatory way
The ancient Hope of CHRIST'S Returning Day
Held in abeyance—and a dream at best—
Soon did Church Leaders openly protest
At such delusion—making it a jest.
And from the hardness of men's hearts there spread
A pride of Intellect by Satan bred
In holding out to man in new disguise
By knowledge "ye shall be as God—all-wise!"
So "Verifying Faculty" arose
And like a snake it coiled its deadly close
Around GOD'S Truth, and by its deadly slime
Men deemed for them it was no deadly crime
To criticise—and brand GOD'S Truth as lies!

What, call me Pessimist—Demon, you lie!
I stand an Optimist, my hope as high
As highest heaven—I stand without a fear
Within my soul, the song of Hope rings clear—

There is an ending to your Demon Reign—
Hear you, JEHOVAH CHRIST *comes back again!*
I put no trust in man nor his desires,
False are the visions to which he aspires—
I count the work of man as little worth—
He cannot raise the world—nor clean the earth
Of any of sins' blighting curses—he is weak
As water—what the blind, false Churches seek
In elevating of the Human Race
Will end in failure, and in sad disgrace—
For only Life and Hope in CHRIST alone,
Evil by His hand only overthrown,
No other help we want—we want no other
But HIS—OUR LORD, OUR MASTER, ELDER BROTHER,
Who can redeem our spirit, Body, soul—
Hold all of evil under HIS control,
And usher in the grand Redemptive Day—
When Holiness and Peace shall Love display!

Base Unclean Spirit! Surely you can grin
For cheating and Defrauding wretched men—
Your sophistry through ages has fell fruit,
Now the Professing Church is strangely mute
Of that One Hope of Christian in Past Ages
Hope of Youth, the Stalwart men, and Sages—
When the *Whole Gospel* was proclaimed to man
Churches believing CHRIST'S outspreading Plan.

CHRIST shall not always have HIS World disgraced—
The superscription of HIS Love defaced,
But all Humanity shall see all plain

How fair the World was once—*and will again!*
For HE shall take her, make her fair to see,
A Perfect Pearl of Sparkling Purity!
A world indeed without a single flaw,
With Love the first, and Love the only Law,
A Perfect Home of Peace, of Joy, of Light,
With Dwellers stalwart, brawny to the sight,
Sickness unknown—and Poverty a myth,
All Nations in sweet fellowship be knit,
Children of Canaan white as any others —
Tho' varied Races one and all are Brothers.
An act of crime would make the world aghast,
Days of Rebellion to the CHRIST are past—
Unknown The Brothel and its fouling sink,
No makers nor dispensers of vile drink;
The theatres are purified and clean,
The mad, lascivious dance is never seen—
The cheat-Usurers' tables are o'erthrown—
The Wolves of Commerce dead—such Race unknown—
The Spoilers of the Poor, who made more dear
The Bread, the meat, the oil, are never here—
No Labor Unions for THE LORD CHRIST stands
With Capital and Labor in HIS hands,
No thought of unequality may lurk,
Full wages paid for each day's honest work,
No shirking work—no shirking of full pay—
No Trading Combinations to betray
The Public, nor competitor—but light
On every action—free and above board—
No piling up by fraud a secret horde—

A blessed Race—Spread over fruitful lands
O'ershadowed by the Loving, Pierced hands.

But now your Devil's cunning is so base
Deadliest Incubus on Human Race;
Tho' Satan hides from men his potent power
Like a black cloud of villainy you lower
All gruesome, ghastly, venomous, unclean,
Haters, despisers of all good, obscene,
Pressing Humanity to depths of guilt
Of blood, of rapine, plunder, and of filth,
'Til one is all appalled to think of it —
Surely to CHRIST the earth must seem a pit
Of Creatures maimed, and crippled, and defaced,
Of Creatures rotten, foul smelling, and disgraced,
Of creatures lower than the beasts, debased
In mind, in heart, in body, and in soul,
Completely under Lucifer's control.

Wrecks of the True and Beautiful we find
On Earth, in sea, as well as human kind—
The broken strata of the rocks declare
Confusion ghastly scattered everywhere;
The ever-restless sea in storm and moans
Tells how her depths disgraced by human bones,
The millions lie uncoffined in waste place,
And she so weary of the dire disgrace.

Prince Satan surely most amused when those
Who should have been his most determined foes,
The so-called Ministers of CHRIST, denounce
The Fable of a Devil—and renounce

The passages of Creed wherein 'tis told
The Devil a Deceiver from of old—
That they who hold such faith lacked common sense—
"No Devil—sin was but an influence!"
(Poor fools to think an Influence could be
Without behind it—Personality!)
Christless but learned men can spue more froth
Of foolishness than dreamed by Idiotic thought—
Their hatred of GOD'S Word is so intense
They seem to lose the poise of Common sense;
The Wildest of Hypotheses obtain,
Like as a snake, a lodgment in their brain,
They twist and turn the plainest words and make
The Words of GOD the hiss words of The Snake;
So reprobate their minds they cannot see
They only utter Devil's Blasphemy—
They question every thought in Written Word—
Nor hesitate to say—"A Forgery"—"Absurd"—
And the most daring of their Hellish School
Intimate plainly—Either CHRIST a Fool
Or Ignoramus—For He made His claim
Rest on the Words that Moses never wrote!
If we believe the nonsense from the throat
Of these Blasphemers Glorying in their Shame,
And with the lying words they dare to speak
They turn to honest People—and have cheek
To say, *since they believed those things their mind*
More spiritual—and they most truly find
More blessing from The Christ than e'er before—
(An ignorant or lying CHRIST they now adore)
A Spiritual Alchemy has given
From Brew of Hell—a nectar labeled Heaven.

For brassy cheek—for towering insolence—
For a brow-beating, shallow, base pretense—
For a God-hating fever most intense—
For daring blasphemy that will not wince—
For fighting CHRIST behind Religious fence—
For idiotic Blunders wanting sense—
From the beginning to The Age far hence
Give me the Higher Critic as He stands
The Foremost liar of e'en Heathen lands!
Well may the Devil laugh that He is dead,
And having slain as 'twere the fountain head
They need must change the awfulness of Sin,
Call it an error, or a fault in men,
Break its bald sternness with honeyed phrase;
Lo, men are sensitive in these last days
Of having sin an appellation for vile deeds.
So the "Dead Devil's" subtly now leads
"In error's pathway"—and "their faults" are not
Outraged against God—by God soon forgot—
If sin is but an error, and a fault,
Wrongheadedness, and not a vile assault
On God—the vital question next to ask
Was CHRIST shed Blood for sin—a foolish task?
The scourging, and the spittle, and crown thorn,
The nailing to the Cross, the pitiless scorn
Of jeering multitude—all foolishness
The suffering as a whole *mistake, no less!*

Cannot they see Humanity is driven
With scorpion whip to poverty and crime—
That Human flesh will sigh to have a time

When it shall take some pleasure and delight—
Not given to terror, wretchedness and blight—
For surely flesh may show its strong desire
For bread, for meat, for home, and winter fire,
Why should the rich have double Heaven—while they
Must wait On Heaven, and that so far away!

When to the Ministers such wretches come—
Such foolish ministers are doubly dumb
They whine "Contentment," and a "God-given place,"
"'Tis Will of God!"—
The Pity! the Disgrace!
That such men called The Ministers of GOD!
They yet shall feel HIS sharp, chastising Rod—
Surely their Blindness is without excuse,
GOD'S vengeance yet shall strike for their abuse
Of HIS plain written Words—when they Proclaim
Only one-third salvation in HIS *name*—
Salvation for the Earth!—for The Whole Man!
That, That alone, The Trinity's Grand Plan!—

Pulpits in Hell's Philosophy grown wise
The solemn words of CHRIST they now despise:

"A Resurrection of The Body! Faugh!
'Twould be a breaking of Eternal law
As Dust to Dust—the various gases rise
Out of the body upwards to the skies,
Mixing with other gases, tempest tossed,
So finally—eternally thus lost—

And never from the grave will come again
That Body marred and broken down in sin.
This Human flesh is nothing but a load
A prison house—the spirit's cursed abode—
That fetters, bars the spirit that akin
To GOD would surely highest purpose win:
When the old shell is cast aside to rot,
Whether on sea or land it matters not,
'Tis but at best a hindrance, a bar,
Without it we could rush from star to star,
We wish—and, lo, our feet outstrip the light
No space be hid—unconquered in our flight—
Lo, what keen joy to be a Spirit free
Of bonds of flesh and its humility,
Thus would we be as Sons of God indeed
Nor of a Fleshly Tabernacle need.
The Body Resurrection but a dream
Of earlier Disciples, who did scheme
To graft the Jewish to our Christian thought,
But in this age we no wise are distraught
To take as literal the words CHRIST said.
There is no Resurrection from the Dead!
Science hath proven such to be the case,
On scientific Principles we base
Our creed of Common sense, and boldly say,
For flesh there is no Resurrection Day."

And so the Pulpit heeding Satan's hiss,
This Doctrine coming from the deep abyss
Is held by ever an increasing Band
Of Christian Teachers over every Land;

'Tis ever more the everlasting lie
To Eve it was, ye shall not surely die,
In later years the hiss to living men—
Your body dies and shall not come again!

Alas! Alas! that Christians such receive,
And even words of CHRIST will not believe,
To HIM the Heavenly Splendor was no loss
HE gladly came and died upon The Cross
Man's Spirit and Man's body to redeem,
To HIM it was no idle, foolish dream,
That sleeping men and women should arise
From Grave, and walk again below the skies
Upon an earth Redeemed and Sanctified—

To this the Serpent's Hiss is, that Christ Lied!

So what say ye, O Brothers, as ye read
Will ye to Christ or Satan give good heed?

So HE creates a fly—and gives it sense—
Plants in the Ant a rare intelligence—
To such Creator say—Impossible!
Out on you, Satan, get you to your Hell!

Surely your Prince is subtle in his moves
Blinding Church Leaders—which indeed but proves
If men will not believe the *Written Word*
They will believe in doctrines most absurd.
Scarce Fifty Years ago—Men's Common Sense
Told Satan and his demons to get hence,

They were but myths and lies of darkened age,
Such bogies foolish in The Gospel's Days,
Dispelled forever by the Gospel blaze.

Thrice Double Fools—for lo, the Gospel Page
Which lay before them could not speak more plain
Of Satan and his Demons—literal—a fact—
The evidences in *The Book* compact—
And yet they read such warnings in disdain!

CHRIST is not pleased when men HIS word Despise—
Perchance, to prove such men were nowise wise
Permitted Satan, whom they thought a fraud,
(For this their arrant Unbelief of GOD)
To set for human feet a deadly snare—
A Spiritualism blossomed forth!
'Til men became enamored and the sport
Of wicked demons—who spread everywhere!
Strange hallucination in Church Leaders' brain
Would not believe such—*"Such mere tricks for gain,*
A cheating a Defrauding;" closing eyes they said.
And so the Devil's teachings spread, and spread,
A leprous spot enlarging more and more
'Til many millions bitten to heart's core!
And even now with their complacent smile
Are ministers who sneer at demon's guile,
Calling it "nonsense!" from their easy chair,
Reading some namby pamby pious book,
Or novel where Purity should not look.
Not all the ministers like this in sooth,
But thousands of them that believe God's truth

Are silent in the pulpit and the press
So they let tens of thousands in distress
Go to the mediums, knowing not 'tis crime
Seeking to know the future's hidden time.

And so the Devil's Frauds are spreading wide—
We see the Quimby-Eddy nonsense in full tide
Of its prosperity—poor silly fools
All so delighted to be Satan's tools
In adding to their numbers—so inflict
On others Doctrines vain to contradict,
Each Eddy Doctrine contradicts the other.
And as the silly Fools can't understand
The Hodgepodge teaching—open mouth, they stand,
And swallow contradictions at wholesale!
And so the Fad prevails and will prevail!
As long as Gullability the rule
We'll see the Foolish flock to Eddy School—
And Satan blinds them with a cunning trick:
"Does not our Mother Mary heal the sick—
Are not there miracles within our midst?"
Surely 'twere hard such reasoning to resist—
And yet how simple is the Devil's trick
So many Hypochondria, e'en sick
By imagination and by Demon thought!
Surely not far a healing to be sought,
A strong will power—and miracle is wrought!

The Devil tells his demons step aside
Not fret the "Scientist," let them abide
In peace and comfort, they are his, why then

Vex them with any care or thought of sin!
And so the Scientists have pleasant times
No Devil fretting, and no open crimes—
Filled with a vanity and vain conceit
Their World is very holy, pure and sweet,
The fools know not their earthly Paradise
Is shaped and fashioned by Satanic lies,
The Devil ne'er will trouble his own sheep
While in his arms they gently nod and sleep.

Christians in Eddyism see GOD'S plan
For she is but an instrument, a fan
To winnow from True Churches worthless chaff,
Truly the churches now can give the laugh
To Satan as he cleans them of riff-raff.
For every CHRIST Believer knows full well
That Eddyism but by-path to hell,
And those who so depart were ne'er Believers
But simply were Deceived or else Deceivers.

You look on Eddyism as foolish toy
That you will in more deep designs destroy—
These little mimics that come on the stage
Lead up to swell the Demoniacal age
That yet shall burst upon a World of Sin,
And Satan's Masterpiece shall surely win
The Worship of Humanity, and all
Not written in the Book of Life shall fall
And Worship Satan's Masterpiece—and He
Shall worship Satan.
Alas! on this Truth
The mass of Christianity is mute—

They dream of Triumph—they to be the factors—
They thrust Christ from the stage—they are the actors.
Their vast conventions shout and roar, and roar—
As the wild breakers dash upon the shore,
With just the same result, and nothing more;
"The World for Christ! we have the Gold, the men,
Shoulder to shoulder, Brothers, we shall win—
Move upward, onward it is ours to win
Strongholds of Satan, Fortresses of sin,
Commerce, Civilization, Gospel—Three
Such combinations like a trinity
Shall sweep the world with power that none can stay
And usher in The Grand Millennium Day!

So words of CHRIST and the Apostle Paul,
Were vain in deed, for they gave no such call
To Christians, nor to Churches—never told
Without Return of Christ came age of Gold;
In their words, The Renegeration time—
(Beyond conception, vastly more sublime
Than ever yet conceived in human brain)
All hung upon the Hour CHRIST came again—
No victory sweeping, world wide in its course,
In the Church period, Satan still had force
To circumscribe the Gospel in that space,
The Gospel was elective in its Grace—
To all the free Salvation—*but never word*
That without Presence of The Christ our Lord
The World should acknowledge or should own
That He was Lord and Conqueror alone.
A blinded, foolish, boasting Church that ran

In her own Path—Heedless of CHRIST's own plan!
They win the World for CHRIST! Two thousand years
Have nearly ended—and we know with tears
We must confess millions of Human Race
Have never heard of CHRIST's Great Saving Grace—
We've played at missions to this very hour,
And where the Churches now should be a power
In Foreign field only a handful stands
To tell of CHRIST to Millions in far lands:
And we at home a listening to paid Choir,
In cushioned pews, proclaim our vast desire
Of Giving Gospel to the human race!
And then we frown, and even make grimace
If Minister will ask for Dollars and not cents—
He should as Dollars take our good intents—
In fact the Christian gifts in world to-day
Not equal half-cent each for Foreign Field—
But when Convention, then we shout and say:
"See by our Gifts the Powers of Satan yield,
Up, up, my Brothers, usher in the Day
When Christ by *Us triumphant in the Fray!"*

Ah, how you chuckle when you hear us shout,
A grin contemptuous around your mouth
Which plainly says:—*"If Christ must wait for you,*
You hypocritical and bragging crew,
Then Satan surely has Eternal reign
For you the Mastery will ne'er obtain!"

How oft hast Thou Familiar Spirit been—
Who opened gates of soul to let thee in—

Ah, 'twas a foul companionship I ween,
A base adultery of constant sin;
With a Familiar Spirit but a year
Such would most surely leave a soul all blear
With all life's sweet thoughts scorched as if by fire,
And in their place an horrible desire
For wicked doings, and more wicked thought,
Vile transformation be most surely wrought.

When first thou enter art thou not most kind—
A willing servant to thy victim's mind—
Waiting his wishes, winning his esteem
With pleasant hints by day, at night by dream,
And to the inner Man who cannot sleep,
Into the inner consciousness you creep
Painting upon the canvas of his mind
Pictures lewd, coarse—but at the first refined.
Like as a dog obedient, when he asks,
With soft alacrity performs the tasks
As if it were a task of Love to serve,
And thou wouldst never from his wishes swerve;
But with the days, the victim feels your force,
Slowly but certainly his whole life's course
Is shapen to thy wishing, to thy will,
And never does he dream of it until
Some rude shock of misconduct on his part
Reveals to him in soul, and mind, and heart,
Thou art the Master fierce, alert and stern;
Quickly the victim's terror will discern
He is the servant, dog to come and go,
As thou desireth be it fast or slow.

Lo, his desires and wishes cast aside!
Once like a boat with rudder on the tide
The Human steered his boat and had control,
But now another Captain o'er his soul,
His body like a lost boat on the sea
Mastless and sailless, rudderless to be
The victim of the moods of a vast sea,
The plaything of the currents fierce and strong
Which ruthlessly would bear the boat along;
When currents shifted—like derelict
On whom the wind and water wrath inflict,
And in a little, drift on jagged rocks—
Split, rent and torn—water's incessant shocks—
'Til only fragmentary bits remain
Tossed on the beach or buffeted on main.

And oft the hours when first the victim feels
The clammy creature near, still nearer steals,
Appropriating to its own base use
High Faculties not made for such abuse;
The clammy wretch, as serpent round it prey,
Closer and closer presses day by day,
And all the finer fancies making void
'Til GOD given instincts finally destroyed.
Softly indeed the Incubus first creeps
Until at last it lunges, and in leaps
That never power of man can hold or check,
'Til Victim stands at last a total wreck.

No matter how your victim had first stood
Synonymous for virtue and for good,

A splendid Form—an interesting face—
A spirit noble—but without GOD's grace!
But when your deadly virus at his soul
Slowly—then swiftly he lost all control
'Til wrong grew right—and GOD's right always wrong,
Object in life—"was women, wine and song!"
Even from them his nature swung apace
And newer crimes more deadly took their place
In lower pits that even demons feared,
'Til greedily, his nature disappeared
In pits of slime—e'en Demons may not be
So foully dark in their Depravity.

A base Familiar spirit, how thy spells
On e'en the noblest, alas, quickly tells,
Soon vain the honesty of tongue or hand,
And Truth, and Worth, and all that may command
Encomium from Church, Society and State,
Once coveted possession; but of late
By act, by word; all virtue he revokes
Not worth the pipe of hasheesh that he smokes,
Wife's kisses, children's fingers are as naught
Except as stings to whip his jaded thought,
For naught is home and all its God-given faces,
The Halls of Justice, and the churches' places,
The Garden flowers, country open spaces,
The Incubus in soul all things disgraces—
The lowest dens of infamy and shame—
The opium curse—the deeds we may not name.

And if a Woman victim the more deep
The tears that angels, with faces covered, weep,
For she the apex of GOD'S finest thought
Can be to lower strata surely brought
Then Demons dreamed, or that man had conceived,
When she of virtue and of faith bereaved
Can in her foulness reach a place more low
Than Demons, Man or even Beast may go;
Foulness of men is ever circumscribed;
But that of Woman neither bought nor bribed—
One woman worse than are a hundred men
To spread contagion and the blight of sin;
For woman's Beauty is a deadly snare,
From tip of toe to glorious wealth of hair,
From tapering arms, to circle of her bust,
Her body can be made a lure for lust—
And so enticing even in her guile,
And evil hidden snake like in her smile,
Her kisses put a madness in the frame
That men for her will risk both name and fame.
When to foul evil she is fully bent
To be the Devil's perfect instrument
To tempt, to woo, at morning, noon and night;
But men must win the gold to win her sight,
For man must to his labor and the strife,
But she can give the best hours of her life
To woo her victims—and to spread disease—
Her preying set on any man she sees—
And she can blight a thousand homes in years,
Can pile up wretchedness of cries and tears,
Of manhood blighted—and where children be
Spread a disease more fell than leprosy.

And her old age—no sewer ever ran
Through City great more horrible to scan,
Unclean of breath, cheeks blotched with pimples, sore,
Bloodshot, bleared eyed—but why say any more?
A few grow wealthy from the whorish gains
With spacious houses, rings, and golden chains,
White linen, purple, light-imprisoned stones—
Covering the rottenness of flesh and bones!
But, ah, the many blear-eyed, hungry hags
Crouching in alleys, doorways, in vile rags,
Their every sentence coined in Satan's mint—
Fright'ning the men who came with vile intent.

Who was The Prince who led thee to betray
Thy GOD, and set thy feet upon a way
That ever leadeth more and more astray.
Does He command thee still in all thy ways,
Correct thy slackness, and thy keenness praise,
Report to Lucifer what thou art worth
In doing his Grim Pleasure on the earth.
Is there promotion in thy various ranks—
Hast thou received from Lucifer grim thanks
For some more daring, brilliant, sinful act,
For showing subtle and insidious tact
Of making some Great Leader bite the dust—
Drawing some Christian Leader to vile lust.
Or is thy Prince all scant in word of Praise,
And doth he lash thee in a thousand ways
To show that he can rule thee at his will—
As thou art base to make thee baser still;
Or giving thee some soul that is so low

To watch and tempt—that thou will not bestow
Thy wealth of talent to so mean an end—
And in contempt, forsooth, be that soul's friend—
Relax all vigilance and let him be
An honest soul to Christianity.
Has thy Prince Power to send thee to and fro,
Dictate the person, and the place below,
Where thou must stay until that person dies—
No matter be he master, servant, fool or wise—
While life may last to hold him in thy care
By night, by day, go with him everywhere,
Closer than shadow moving in his pace
To woo to ruin, misery, disgrace!
Or does he leave thee sometimes go elsewhere
For days, for years without a sense of care,
And keep thy charge as you may deem the best
Thus hours of vigilance and hours of rest.

Does Lucifer his Kingdoms vast divide
In various Principalities and Powers—
So that each Potentate shall there reside
And rule all absolute as he thinks best—
Or are there some more regal than the rest
And have a group of Principalities—
Are they for life, or as Proud Satan sees
Fit to make changes—the most daring soul
Given o'er the rest an absolute control
To order various principalities at will,
For years, for days, or just for certain hours,
To carry out some project vast and grand
As 'twere with irresistible firm hand

To build or blast the interests of some land.
Are there some Petty Princedoms—some all great
With many million Servitors to wait
At Prince's bidding—is there rivalry
As which by Conquest shall the greatest be—
Is there a sullen Peace between them all—
Between each place like adamantine wall
A bound one may not even pass, nor dare
In any way another Princedom share.

Are there not petty jealousness and spites—
Are there not even battlings and fights—
Envenomed hates that make close neighbors foes,
And taunts and bickering that only close
When to Great Lucifer appeals are made—
That for a space make each of each afraid,
And discontent lies smoldering in wrath
To open once again in new hewn path.
Or is there never discord, each intent
To be your prince's perfect instrument,
And filled with one desire—THE CHRIST to hate
And make HIS true Church waste and desolate.

For this age surely is your holiday!
Begrudging every hour which pass away—
For each hour flight brings nearer that dread hour
When CHRIST shall come in vengeance and in power—
Drive you from earth—and in The Pit's dark place
Prisoners a thousand years—then little space
When ye come forth to wreck the Peace of men—
But short indeed that time of daring sin

For CHRIST shall drive thee to the Pit once more
And ne'er again shall open that closed door.

So this your time for revelry and joy,
This is the age wherein ye can employ
Your intellect, your forces, and your might,
To put on CHRIST the insult and the slight,
The venom of your hate to slur HIS fame
The bringing of Dishonor to HIS name,
By tempting souls with gifts of Lucifer
To show how worthless is each worshipper.

The Foolishness of Churches' boast you know—
For Lucifer is reigning here below.
The Wealth of all the Kingdom in his hands,
An undisputed Master of all lands,
The pomps, the powers, the splendors are his own,
To whom he wills he giveth pomp and throne,
The strength of all the world is at his feet,
Its treasures to his wasting most complete,
The intellect, sweet music, and gay song,
And every art of Beauty doth belong
To his base bidding—and his followers share
The riches of his Kingdoms everywhere.
This age is his, obedient at his beck,
To make a nation, or a nation wreck,
To pour his wealth of glory where he may
To make men mourn, or have a holiday,
Making Greed Triumph to oppress the poor
To see how much the people will endure,
Scanty of meat and bread is table spread,

Oft house no better than a cattle shed,
With rags and patches nakedness to cover,
Want and despair o'er half the race to hover.
Earth ever hath great riches in her breast
And a few Devilish Natures steal and wrest
The things made for humanity—to self;
Defraud, cheat, lie, e'en murder for the pelf;
One in his greed can dim the poor man's light—
Others can make the money market tight—
Others will juggle with the price of grain—
To tax the poor man's bread for selfish gain—
But it were long to tell the direful tale
How these trade monsters poor men's right assail—
They grow more greedy—until some fine day
GOD shall come forth and crush such noisome clay,
Their riches shall vanish in a night—
They are a hissing, loathing in GOD's sight.

But you, are wiser than these foolish men,
You know the price and sorrow of your sin—
And now your living hatred of the right
Fills you with venom and a deadly spite
Against Humanity—careless of the lie
So you can have men GOD's Good Words deny.
And you are growing bolder in your speech,
In hints and innuendo would you teach
Man to despise HIS Maker and HIS laws;
And crafty are you to give great applause
In Public print to men who cast away
"Dead Dogmas of the Christian's Yesterday!"

Say, are you ever subject to disgrace—
If you break Satan's Laws is there a place
Where as a prisoner you must bide his time
In penance for committing such a crime.
Surely Rebellious curse is in your vein,
You once rebelled—say, do you such again,
Have you been banished to the Outer space
Where GOD seems not—nor the infernal place—
For some rude breaking of Satanic rule.
I deem you are a rebel that no school
Of Wisdom well may curb—nor intervene
If you determined to give vent to spleen,
Or being balked on your infernal way
Of coveting some Soul you would betray—
Surely no fearing sense of coming wrath—
Could stop your swift feet on the lustful path—
What was desired by heart you dare obtain
Tho' after that came Banishment and pain.

Since thou created was there any day
You did your Captain or your Prince betray
By doing secretly what they said not—
And afterwards detected—was it blot
On thine escutcheon—was there a disgrace,
A thrusting as it were to menial place—
Or did they show their scorn and contempt
By never giving heed to thy attempt.
And yet I deem their rule must be all strict
And they have power such culprit to afflict,
If not 'twould be thrice hell between ye all
And Satan shattered Kingdom surely Fall.

Tho' surely oft your wills must cross each other,
And surely ofttime hate ye cannot smother,
A bitterness of feeling in each breast,
Or is there bar of Justice where confessed
The Cause of such conflicting sentence given
And the offender into exile driven.

Now why the Cause that Thou were sent to me—
Did you come sullen or all willingly—
Was I thy choice—or were you told to go
And woo and win me to eternal woe—
And may I think I to thy care consigned
Without a single wishing of thy mind,
Careless what charge thy captain placed on thee—
Or may I guess a dire contumely
Was put upon thee by so base a one—
Who was the last thy hate had litten on
Some one more great—and is it thy disgrace
To wait on me, Derision from high place
To show contempt and make thee feel the sting
Of a great slight—and so give suffering!

Perchance, in former years that thou didst do
Some paltry thing Thy Captain deemed untrue,
And so when to the world I showed my face
Thou were in his contempt, and in disgrace,
And thus to punish said: *"Behold that one,*
Go tempt Him—that is thy Disgrace, Begone!"

And so surrounding Demons had given laugh
That you such cup of Wretchedness should quaff—

And with a bitterness for me and mine
You did all hopes of higher place resign;
And now in half contempt of such a prize
Art but half hearted in thy sneering lies—
"The Man not worth the winning," is the sneer
You give when some companion comes anear—
Or *"I am loafing, for so poor a prey*
So easy I can tempt him and betray—
If all men led so easily astray
The Demons would have always holiday."

Perchance, thine eyes already has seen one
On whom thy soul is surely set upon,
Have asked Thy Captain that such prey be thine
When I have yielded up this life of mine:
Now you sit there and speculate when I
Shall suddenly or slowly drooping, die,
Now wish you earnestly to be set free,
And ever passing day begrudging me
'Til thou canst haste to Captain and relate
Life's sins I have committed by thy hate.

Say, do your Princes ever change your charge
To narrow sphere, or influence enlarge,
Take you from humble soul to one more great
Whose influence more felt in vast estate:
If so, since I committed to thy hand
Didst thou oft plead for change in thy command,
Where thy great cunning could have vaster scope,
And tho' refused, yet still a lingering hope
Some hour your Captain with forgiving grace

Will give you charge of soul in loftier place—
Some one more worthy of thy cunning brain—
And thus a greater glory to obtain.

Say, do you ever make your charge a friend,
Feel some of sorrow at the final end,
And wish for longer time of comradeship—
Sorry to see some young soul as 'twere slip
Out of thy guardian hand and go his way
Where souls departed wait the reckoning day.

Say, have you ever with compassion great
Pitied some youth on whom you were to wait—
And having sorrow in your heart became
A Recreant in service, risked your fame
For vigilance and Faithfulness—and drew
An influence around such as you knew
Would surely lead to CHRIST—that errring soul,
And so for evil out of your control,
And safe in life, and surely safe when Death
In gentleness would take away's life's breath.

Or are you base, remorseless, like flint stone,
Trying to make the Human as your own
Devilish unheeding of another's pain—
With every sense a-quivering with the strain
Of hate exceeding any human thought—
So that Destruction may be fully wrought
Out to the Devilishment of your desire—
An ever-glowing, all-consuming fire?

And then the Human—who can tell the tale
Of sorrow dire, tear crying, and the wail
Of millions, and of millions, reeking up
The incense of Despair from suffering's cup—
Dark clouds all heavy rolling up in space
To where The Throne Eternal hath its place,
And there before THE SITTER on the throne
Burst round HIS feet in agonizing tone:
HE, SABAOTHS' LORD, hath heard its cries
For HIS ears are not heavy—and HIS eyes
Nor dull with slumber—nor takes HE HIS ease—
In music, light, and splendor self to please.

Lo, not in vain the smell of festering sin—
Lo, not in vain the crying of poor men—
Lo, not in vain the crying of crushed earth—
Lo, not in vain the wrongs of beastly birth—
But Patience—Sovereign Patience that well knows
The Seasons and The Times to Crush HIS Foes—
HE never sits Indifferent to pain—
HE never sits Indifferent to sorrow—
Now is the testing time when all shall gain
Knowledge for full enjoyment of Tomorrow!

Tomorrow—yes, *Jehovah* has Tomorrow
When HE shall banish sin, and want, and sorrow,
Patient is HE—tho' men and Demons scorn—
Patient we should be for the Hours now brief—
The Word proclaims the dawning of The Morn
JEHOVAH sending CHRIST to Earth's Relief.

See how you cower, shudder, shrink away,
You hate with a fell hate that glorious Day
Your end of Sinning for The Thousand years!
Well may you shrink with pain too deep for tears,
Pent up in Hades' chambers in your slime
For such a weary, weary, weary time;
An awful idleness—the thought a shaft of pain
Strikes as it were to marrow of your brain.
A busy, bustling, scheming time indeed
When you may strike a venomous, harsh deed,
Is something to distract your restless mind,
But when it comes that you will be confined
To chamber, or to even larger space,
When circumscribed to any idle place,
Your every sense is jarred and shaken so
You spring up in a madness and would go
On, On, as if forever—anywhere—
Through dangers full of pitfalls and of snare—
What care you for the torture in your path—
Tho' smitten, stricken by eternal wrath,
Crushed, broken, maimed, in any shape or form,
Gladly you'd face most dire and pitiless storm
Just to be doing something—anything
But the appalling Idle suffering!

Ye Demons to the Scriptures give good heed,
All constantly ye search, and peer, and read,
The various signs from Prophecy of old,
Prophets, Apostles, and LORD CHRIST foretold
The crushing of your kingdom—Then The Reign
Of CHRIST whose Kingdom never more shall wane.

And not alone the Scriptures but no less
You watch outpouring of the Christian Press,
For well you know THE SPIRIT will reveal
To Students of the Scriptures—when the seal
Of silence shall be broken on GOD'S Page,
The Hour revealed when the Satanic Rage
Shall burst in Fury on the human Race—
The Devil's Carnival when in short space
He'll thrust the human to more base disgrace
Than any other epoch of the Race!

You read not Blasphemies yourselves inspire,
For there comes ever more a constant fire
Of so-called Christian writings that are worse
Than Heathen foolish writings—such a curse—
Yet so-called Christians, who THE CHRIST profess,
Give millions making possible a Press
Can issue such a ribaldry of words
To contradict the sayings of THE LORD'S—
Chicago University such place
Where surely Demons have made dwelling place,
A nest of Unclean Spirits, spitting forth
Through learned Professors base and arrant lies—
Frothy Professors who of CHRIST make sport
Rob HIM of GODHEAD and HIS claims despise.
One man alone could stay this Blasphemy,
He claims a humbler Follower of CHRIST to be,
Yet He pays these Professors with his gold,
Feeds them, and clothes them, keeps them from the cold,
Puts them at ease so that they multiply
Their insults to the CHRIST, and so deny.

Such books you laugh at knowing they are lies,
Churches revere such—Demons but despise—
Knowing full well that Scripture still stands true;
Men by Earth's Wisdom never Godhead knew.
And then you greet with infinite disdain
The silly hodge-podge of the books that gain
A popularity from Christian Readers,
Be they the spawn of The Church or Seceders,
The pious nonsense served to men of brain
Of fine-spun theory, vapid or o'erdrawn—
Such books despised by men of brain and brawn;
(No Christian Doctrines pointed, sweet and clear,)
Some books indeed not worthy of a clown
Like crowd of birds on Christ's souls falling down
Fed on such whey, not milk, we can behold
The hearts of Christian People growing cold
To Christly things—while irreligious press
Go forward in the Highways of Success.
But there are great works honest, fearless, true,
Written by Ministers and men in Pew,
That give forth no uncertain sound—such books
That like to flowing, gushing brooks
Refresh the thirsty tongues of men who strive
To keep The Truth of CHRIST fresh and alive,
An active living principle to win
For CHRIST—the famishing, lost souls of men.
And there are writers who forever strive
To keep The One Hope of the Church alive,
The Second coming of Our Lord, The Christ,
And these the books all eagerly you scan,
Through these The Spirit will reveal to man

The Hour of Hope—for they will only teach
The very Truth—and no ways try to reach
The minds of Men by one uncertain sound,
By Books in Bible they are ever bound—
And only gleanings from the Word declare.
Truly among them are some learned men
Baptized in CHRIST's Truth, brain, and heart, and pen,
As learned in knowledge as the men who dare
To claim High Critics only knowledge share.
In every age CHRIST had men in His train
Simple, grand souls of consecrated brain—
(The Devil had more brilliant men) while they
In learning never made such vast display
CHRIST's Gospellers were ever in their Day
A Fearless, Faithful, Splendid, Grand Array.
But not alone the Learned—CHRIST has men
All eloquent of tongue, and bright of pen,
From Earth's low ranks but great in Heaven's learning,
With strength, with power, clear, keen The Truth discerning.
So some of Jacob's Race to GOD are won
Cleansed by The Blood of THE ETERNAL SON,
Whose lips The Spirit must have touched in sooth
They draw such treasures from GOD's Holy Truth—
They open up the Scriptures with such light
Making the darker passages so bright
That he who runs may read, like men of old,
Who to Emmaus walked—when HE had told
The mystery of CHRIST from olden story—
The suffering first, and *then The Coming Glory*—
Exclaimed: "Did not our hearts within us burn—

He opened up The Scriptures on the way!"
So even now we feel somewhat as they
When Christian Jews speak of THE CHRIST's Return,
Their lips seemed touched by a seraphic fire
Filling the soul with Glory and Desire—

Before THE CHRIST came Satan had more power—
(When sacrifice for Sin complete—that hour
Was the knell sounded of his great defeat,
The World no more be held beneath his feet,)
His vast Dominions overshadowing all,
Except the few Jews answering GOD's call,
The whole wide world as sleeping in his hand,
Almost omnipotent was his command.
The splendor of his majesty's mid-day—
O'er Earth vast continents countless millions lay
In bondage to his Demons who possessed
The mightiest brains, their intellects, the best
Of Human minds, who blossomed with great thought.
For verily Prince Satan had not wrought
Alone the baser evils—tho' they came
Like filthy vermin to man's Sin and shame
From his high daring of Almighty Will.
In Sin we reckon with the Human still—
For man, sin's pupil, made more like to God
Not always in the footprints of The Devil trod,
And some of human wickedness on earth
Had never by Satanic wickedness their birth
Of all the created beings—man more nigh
To GOD than any on Earth, Hades or Sky.
For when aroused from the creative sleep

More vast in its conception and its sweep,
To know of God and all created things
This mighty power was latent in his breast
He knew not of it—knew not he possessed
A kinship nearer God than seraphim,
The mightiest of Heaven servants unto him.
But in his innocence he had not known
His near of kinship to Eternal Throne.
And may we deem in number that not years
But days between his birth—and falling tears—
The Only Son of God—his teacher kind
The Lord of Glory tutoring man's mind,
Not even to Archangels was it given
To teach the Best Creation of High Heaven!
Who knows what secrets then to man revealed?
Perchance, was shown what mighty power to wield
So bringing Earth, and Sky, and Sea to be
The instruments to aid vast majesty.
Alas, such schooling soon had abrupt end—
When Eve alone did to the serpent bend
When woman fell—then came man's testing time—
So that as child, and not full manhood's prime—
He dared commit that flaring, brazen crime
Of following a woman—the disgrace
Entail'd from Him to all the Human Race.
So after that most fatal, foolish fall,
A victim to the demons beck and call,
Sin's virus clouded all the brilliant brain,
The Evil, Good corroding, did obtain
The mastering of good—confused the good
So that man's soul no longer understood

What he had lost—in glory and in power.
His wrecked intelligence even to this hour
Cannot conceive the High Estate he lost,
That now he sinneth at tremendous cost
Of Power—that's closer to The Infinite
Than he imagines—once his gracious right.

Tho' Satan has made man his counterpart
Befouled the intellect, the soul, the heart
With enmity to God—he fears man still.
He knows since CHRIST from Death arose, man's will
Can be a deadly weapon to resist
Satanic power—lo, if the soul blood washed
Then Satan at the bloodstain stands abashed,
Well knowing that The New Birth within Man
With leaps and bounds can grow until it can—
Guided by Faith and Grace—a foeman be
Unconquerable, grand adversary.
Yet even then the fallen nature stings
The new-born one, so that with baffled wings
It cannot fly to altitudes which men
Shall live in—when drops off the curse of Sin
And as untrammeled Being—free from stain
Stand as his Right—the nearest to GOD'S Reign.
And thus His intellect—intelligence—
The God-Gift blessing, and JEHOVAH'S sense,
Shall blossom to perfection in full flower—
Perchance, may have even creative power
To fashion things of Earth—of low estate—
But this we know not, best not speculate.

But this to us is more than a surmise
That sometimes fallen man oft' brings surprise
Even to Satan's vast intelligence;
He surely oftentime must pondering wince
If this his pupil have not vaster brain
The end of *man's ambition* to obtain.

We deem that Satan is more vastly wise
That seen by even ministers—when they surmise
That all of the catastrophies of earth
In Satan's wily brain had found their birth.
Some to be sure—but surely common sense
Rules Satan's measure—He does not dispense
Curses, not set his agents to destroy
His Kingdom—that the antics of fool boy:
Nay, but his great desire to see his Earth
Lulled in his arms by melody and mirth—
His one desire to make Humanity
As happy as their sins can make them be!

Originally the Earth to Satan given
But when He sinned—was from his Kingdom driven—
Its glory shattered, and its form destroyed,
Then to the desolate "without form and void."
CHRIST came and made for man a gracious place
But when man sinned—and cast out in disgrace
Satan again was master of the World!
A snake most venomous in man's mind curled
And mixed the good with evil in man's brain
So man in blindness wants not GOD to reign.

All surely as a Father Satan stands
He would not blight, nor ruin his broad lands,
But have man happy from The God apart.
I deem, it seems, he cherishes in heart
A pride that he by treachery had won
From God the love of man, God's latest son,
And if he could, from man would banish pain,
From many ills surceasing would obtain.
'Tis foolishness to think he would insist
To blight and ruin, crush with iron fist,
And make the earth a hell spot where to dwell.
Nay, he hath quite enough of that in hell—
A desolation, barren, bleak and bare,
Nay, he would have delight, joy, plenty here,
A World that man would never wish to leave.
Then surely must proud Satan oft'times grieve
To see that Sin hath in itself the seed
To blight the Earth in action, so indeed
That what he set agoing has the power
To blight and blast the world any hour,
That Sin is a destruction in itself
And that without the power of demon elf,
That naked creature who would occupy
A human body, and to see such die
Oft' is sorrow, keenest and the worst,
That Sin to self is with destruction curst!

This is the bitter dreg within his cup—
Let man, his servant, busily build up
His towers and cities—with the hardest stone
And when he claims the City his alone,
To see the years come in their noiseless way

And blast the beautiful with fell decay;
And let the Brother of the man who built
Wrench stone from stone—the gracious trees to wilt—
And even make once mighty Babylon
A place that Ruin had grim victory won.
So like the City—lo, the fruitful fields
That give a hundred fold in gracious yields,
The orchard, garden, and the bowering place
Become a marsh, plague breeder, a disgrace
To human eye, man fears the prowling beasts
Who with the birds of prey hold putrid feasts.

Think you that Satan glories in such things?
Nay, to him this embittering—sharp stings
That walls he builded—ever more must fall—
That on once fruitful fields the bittern call—
His fairest, rarest, most delightful things
O'ershadow by the stinking, vulture wings,
And not a single thing that he had built
But in few years destroyed by its own guilt!
Like shadow dreams the fancy may not hold—
And in his heart a chill—steals through all cold—
For such destruction beats upon his brain
With brazen tongue the ending of his reign,
The stealthy moments of time's feet he hears,
He knows that stealthy moments push the years;
He knows that sometimes weak—for, lo, are Three
Together, or each one makes his decree
An empty bubble—GOD, or Man, or Sin,
Makes it impossible for him to win!
So baffled oft'—he sees his well-laid plan

Conceived in wisdom only flash in pan—
The combination of both man and Sin
Will cause at heart his lowest demon grin;
For know on Earth in sinning a discord,
Tho' Satan is the Prince, The Over Lord,
And all must outwardly obey as King;
Yet here, to pride, the venom of the sting,
He is not able to read any mind—
In man and demon's heart a chamber find
That only GOD can enter in and see—
For this we surely Bless THE TRINITY!

Why should it be unreasonable to think
We should man's wishes to destruction link—
In spite of Satan's wishes man would lift
The banner of defiance, and in action swift
Destroy what Satan would desire exist,
If GOD permitted, man may well resist.
Oft' wars we loudly claim from Satan came
Stand monuments to Heaven of Human shame!
He had been baffled in ten thousand ways,
Lo, men give to him dark and ghastly praise
For acts he ne'er inspired, nor had espoused,
Nor for the warrings men's hate had aroused,
For man the Instigator of vast crime
Committed through long centuries of time!
And man, creator, cause of crimes as black
As ever crowded on Prince Satan's track
Since he made Eve the victim of his sin!
Satan corrupted man—did fealty win—
But man was a Free Agent from the first,

Deliberately for woman's love did burst
The Laws of God—for earthly woman's love,
Without the Devil's aid, to GOD did rebel prove:
And tho' man gave allegiance—it was just
The measure that he wanted; for his lust
Of Power, and for corruption, was as great
As ever cursed the Prince in lost estate.

But man is far inferior in command—
While millions ready to the Devil's hand
And must obey him—(as the Scriptures tell—)
Men are but units—no one can compel
Except by angry force, the flesh restrain,
But as to soul and minds a task most vain
To stifle the Free Will in Human soul,
So that the flesh alone in stern control;
So man to man his fellow can resist
But Satan o'er his millions can insist
That they be subject—abject to his will—
But man can stand the daring Rebel still
Giving allegiance as may suit his views.
Alas, the multitudes of men but choose
To be his abject slaves in everything
And tho' they know it not—Satan Lord and King!

May we surmise this present War alone
Against the willing of Satanic throne—
Wherein his gain to blast his province fair—
His Christendom—the which may well compare
In grandeur, wealthy, in fealty of man,
With any age since reign on Earth began!
Here culture blossomed to a fatal flower,
Music, and art, and scientific power

Opened vast petals in ten thousand ways
To make for man, in these enlightened days,
An almost perfect service—win their praise.
Surely the Nations who had drawn the sword
Were each deniers of our BLESSED LORD!
Their current blasphemy was vaunted loud,
Nor could one find amid the warring crowd
A single one obeying CHRIST'S behest!
England and Germany in derision bold
Their ponderous professors wrote and told
The Bible full of lies—the Virgin birth,
The Deity, Blood Atonement, thoughts for mirth!
While France and Austria had wanton's jest
A sneer at heart beneath Religious vest!
And Russia sunk in superstitious rite!
Now which of all the combatants had right
To bear the name of Christian—no, not one
That CHRIST in a contentment could smile on!
And which could Satan wish to have destroyed—
Were not each busy, in his works employed—
Why should he blight and blast with War's sharp wrath—
Which best to choose, rush on destruction's path!
'Tis folly, that this province he had won
From Power and from allegiance from GOD'S SON,
He should destroy, and make its glories void,
Its millions murdered, crippled and destroyed!

One ray of light between the darkness clears
He knows full well the seven appointed years
Must give him warning of that awful end!

When Israel as, a partly, restored Race,
A Nation recognized in ancient place,
Makes covenant with King for seven years—
From that same hour, when signed that fell decree,
One may take note of hour, and surely see,
When seven years past, and not one hour of Grace,
The Earth once more beholds her Maker's face!
THE CRUCIFIED to all the Earth revealed!
End of the Gentile Age—and Satan's doom be sealed!
And surely Satan not in haste to see
End of his Kingdom and supremacy;
But anxious, ever hoping to put off
The grand Event—millions of Christians scoff
The Coming of THE KING to Earth again
To crush all Evil and as PRIEST-KING reign!
The march of time to him an awful thing
The hour to crush, and to bring suffering,
Surely repugnant to his every thought—
With no escape, tho' earnestly 'tis sought,
The reigns of Government from fingers riven
He a chained felon to The Dungeon driven!
So every thought to hinder and delay,
Yet knowing that the very hour, the day,
From all Eternity to GOD was known
Yet not a hint is issued from the throne!
And so he walks in darkness and in gloom
Above suspended is his awful doom—
Respite of seven years! will not his wishes trend
To have the *now,* and *that* time to extend
Unutterable years—think you he hastes to see
The Day of Gloom and of Calamity!

Then would we deem these days of wickedness
Solely conceived by Satan, and no less,
Nay, but we think that wilfully blind men
Largely to blame for these dark days of Sin!
Not all of Satan is their blasphemy,
In colleges and pulpits we can see
Teachers more daring than the Demons be,
The vile blasphemers of THE HOLY ONE!
In every Demon surely is laid on
A sense of awe—a fearsomeness, a dread,
When by Believer Christly name is said:
They would not dare to utter or exclaim
The slanders, lies, men couple to CHRIST'S name.
"Devils believe and tremble!" saith the Word.
Sin blinded men but scorn THE BLESSED LORD,
Scornful of Love and reckless of HIS wrath,
They sit all self-possessed in scorner's path,
And CHRIST permits them now to do HIM wrong
In jest, in sneer—in slanderous, vile song.

Alas, whoever conquers in War strife
Europe as resurrected to new life,
Yet sense of evil to her garments cling,
Whoe'er is Pope, or President, or King,
The evil venom still is in the blood,
And tho' the out appearing seemeth good,
The canker still at heart, and soul, and brain,
To dizzier state of wickedness will strain
Until the CHRIST by millions is disowned
And evil of The Devil is enthroned.
A renovating time shall follow war,

And all Satanic power, anear or far,
With fever energy build up again
What men destroyed in madness and in sin,
For Satan loves this Europe, for it stands
His gem of splendor o'er the many lands
Who do His bidding in their varied ways,
Tho' Humans take unto themselves the praise.
For his delight the civilizing power
That blossom like the petals of a flower
In grace and splendor, learning, music, art,
Rare architecture dear unto his heart,
And he would make the World a glorious place,
A paradise below to human race.
Now art, and science, are not evil things
For surely one ne'er needs the heavenly wings
To see that CHRIST likes all things beautiful.
We look around and see the world is full
Of beauty, and utility, and life;
But when the Maker, and The Man, in strife,
And are not reconciled—and men do seek
For other Gods with insolence and cheek
They claim, "We are our own," and they know not
The evil that encompasseth their lot,
And as the will of GOD is not desired
By Satan all their splendor is inspired.

I bow to you—for once the Truth you tell,
Satan has cast a hypnotizing spell
O'er the poor church, and woos to pleasant sleep—
This pretty rhyme he whispers to the sheep:
"The World is growing better every Day!"

The rhyme is sweet, it drives all cares away.
Ah, but your Lucifer is worthy of your pride
When he can make the Christian Church confide
In His delusions—and his make believe!
The Warning words of CHRIST they will not heed,
But the sweet lies of Satan will receive,
The Truth of CHRIST receding—will recede
Until Professing Church is Satan's Church indeed.
And now the Churches as a whole refuse
The Place that GOD has given to the Jews,
They've stolen their golden promises and say,
"The Jewish Nation sinned its Day of Grace away."
The Jews can have the Curses—but the Blessing
To any Jew were surely most distressing—
And so in blindness of the near at hand
Churches see Jew returning to his land,
Heedless and careless of its true import.
'Tis like as if some madman made a sport
Above a precipice—dancing as on air
When Abyss is below—and grim despair.
Oh, but a Godless Blindness in men's eyes,
The blackness, signs and omens, they despise,
All thinking they are rushing to the light—
When Anti-Christian Madness looms in sight!
In vain GOD's Precious Words they read are calling,
The Blackness and the Darkness most appalling,
They wander like to drunken men, nor see
That Hell's Damnation yawns all fearfully
In the wide Path where they deem Triumph stands.
Apocalypse like sealed Book in their hands—
The Last Book of The Bible is to them

Either past History—or grotesque and dim—
A Book of Monsters—*and of little good*
For practical Life purposes; and then—
Really did THE LORD *want it understood*
'Til all the signs and symbols were fulfilled,
And that so plain the most unlettered men
Could feel their senses and their beings thrilled
With GOD'S *fulfillment of His Mystic Page!"*

So the last message given by CHRIST to man
Is little more than a mere flash in pan,
A puzzle that some laugh at, and deride,
And millions in the Churches cast aside
As not quite worth a consideration,
Fit only for some crankish dissipation;
Except some passage, quoted wrongly, said
At funeral time above the coffin'd dead.
So quenched the light CHRIST gave for Churches' path—
And the Poor Church goes stumbling to the wrath
Of Anti-Christ's fell days—and knoweth not
The Bitterness and Woes that are her lot—
She shall be rent by Anti-Christian rage—
All unprepared she laugheth and is gay—
As all the future a bright holiday!

If in The Book are mingled Truth and Lies
'Twill soon lose Holiness in common eyes,
And all its precepts men will soon despise;
Faith built on Sophistry all men denies,
For who shall be the Judge of Truth and Lies
When every Passage Some will criticise

And hold exceptions to its Truthfulness,
A Regular hodge-podge and nothing less.
And so all men grew reckless of restraint
'Twere surely foolishness to be a Saint
Resigning every Pleasure given to men;
So men grew reckless in the act of sin
Instead of Faith grew up a strong desire
To grasp the best of all things—like a fire
In heart and soul—if one had soul and brain,
The largest round of Pleasure to obtain
If neighbors held what you desired—the worse
For him, woe for his wife, his house, his purse.
For when you rid the Conscience of its stings
You soon destroy a Faith in Holy Things,
When the foundations of The Faith are rent
And men say, No Eternal Punishment,
The Shafts of Doubt into the soul are sent,
And Doubt will conquer steadily—at last
Then Age of a Belief is ever past.

Yet these same Teachers who The CHRIST betrayed
On Soul of Man had strangest Doctrine laid,
A Sophistry as fine spun as a thread
The Spider's spinning where to prey is led
What tho' THE CHRIST was never Living Fact
Ne'er spoke a sentence—ne'er did any act—
Such in the least should never more detract
From a CHRIST in the heart—a holy fire
That ever to the better must aspire—
If The Historic Christ no man saw or knew
The Ideal CHRIST was ever fresh and New!

Here you disown—there you accept the Text—
But foolishness like this not long perplexed
The Common man—the shortest cut he took
And sent to the bow-wows The Holy Book,
Nor cared for CHRIST, nor GOD, nor anything,
That did not present good things to him bring—
And so despising all and every school
Man stood at last under Satanic Rule!

To Demons even then the bounds are set,
Where GOD has chosen there you spread your net
In bounds where Roman Empire ruled before,
'Tis there the Race shall Anti-Christ adore;
And Men are fast preparing for that end,
Their every thought to that fell pathway trend,
Slowly, but surely, comes infernal Hour
When Satan gives to Anti-Christ his power!

Men preach of Arbitration and of Peace,
They grow so eloquent that wars shall cease
And Nations' quarrels settle at the Hague,
As if The Bible on such question vague!
Poor Fools such men—they babble foolishly—
Refuse GOD's words—no Lasting Peace shall be
'Til CHRIST Returns! And while men cry
The Time of Glorious Peace is very nigh,
The Nations are preparing for a fight
Imperial, Sanguine—mad Destructive Might—
That like a monsoon—overwhelming storm
Shall shatter Europe in its present form,
And suddenly from that ensanguine fray

Ten Kingdoms ruled by delegated sway—
Where Cæsars ruled when Dawned the Christian Day!

And in that time once more The Jewish Race
Stand with glad Joy upon the ancient place—
The Temple built—Jerusalem so rich
That Gentile Fingers have again the itch
To rob and plunder!
And Babylon!
Again rebuilt, in a short time hath won
Allegiance to her Glory from all men,
Her reign of splendor and of wealth begin
Supreme in Commerce—Great Heart of The World,
Around her Glory thoughts of men have curled,
And at her Docks flags of all nations furled,
Her Leviathans plowing all the seas,
Her Flag "An Epha" floats on every breeze,
Her merchantmen The Princes of the Earth.
For in these olden Cities second birth
A Glory and a Splendor shall arise
To dazzle, as enchantment, human eyes—
And Europe rush to seize the Golden Prize.

Came a new Nimrod with the olden dream,
For he it was who made her truly great,
Perchance, a Bastard, one of low estate,
To whom Satanic energy was given—
Who by Satanic energy was driven—
To build This City—focus human eyes
Who never had seen Magic City rise
In stately splendor in so short a time,
Like Babylon of Old, from brick and slime.

No doubt your devil, cunning to the fore,
Whispering to man a promise to restore
The Golden Age by a Messiah Born
Without Earth Mother—Him Satan shall adorn
With understanding and a knowledge vast
That men shall cry: "This is our GOD at last!"
For all his Super-Learning be confined
To show he is as one with human kind,
Their actions and their thoughts are not amiss
Obeying Nature's Inclinations is pure bliss—
And not dire sinning as The Bible said.
Then Old Beliefs come forth as from the dead—
Pallas Athena prophecy—no dream—
Springing from brain of Jupiter supreme—
For Orators and statesmen not in vain
Pronounce This God sprang from Satanic brain
So Full of Wisdom, profound and complete—
Demanding all to Worship at his feet!
For as men held GOD's Truth as thing all vain
GOD let Delusion fall on human brain,
So that men stumbled as in fearful night,
No more could they distinguish of The Right,
So that they wandered in a deadly mist
No longer could Satanic power resist,
They followed with a blindness most complete
The pathway made by Satan for their feet.
So when he sets The Man, to be most base,
To be Messiah to the human race,
Through all the bounds of the Old Roman Earth
Will ring glad songs of Praise and Joyful Mirth.

O well may the men of the world be amazed
As the Glory of Babylon over them blazed—
A splendor surpassing the dream of men's brain—
That City of Glory on Euphrates plain.
'Twas Satan's conception—'twas Satan's design—
And poor foolish men said, *"Tis surely Divine!"*
But only a copy—what you had beheld
In early Creation—the days of long eld
When CHRIST had created for Satan a place,
A palace, a dwelling—before his disgrace
Had fallen upon him—that City again
Would Satan rebuild on Shinar's great plain.
The riches of earth—the wealth of all lands—
Were poured to the wasting of Antichrist's hands,
Whatever unique, and costly, and rare.
Were brought with the worship of willingness there—
The rich men were lavish, the whole world round—
The ships of all Nations to Babylon bound
With their Cargoes of gifts—and the poor not behind—
For joyful the labor and service they gave—
The Multitude toiling as heart of one slave
That loved of his Master to shadow of death.
From over the world, its length and its breadth,
Great Artisans gathered and wrought as one brain—
Nor heeding of suffering, toiling, nor pain,
So they could contribute the smallest of mite—
To die in such service was surely delight—
For the hearts of all men were as one in this thing—
"This God is our Brother—This God is our King!"

Not faith now but sight, and the seeing was joy,
And gladness all filling that he should employ
Their brain and their hands, and they willing wrought
To make as a substance Satanical thought—
For men were enamored at seeing their God—
"He eats, and he drinks, and treads the same sod!"
They saw him, they heard him—and some touch his hand—
It was almost as much as the human could stand—
They were drunk, as it were, in the throes of their joy
And never did question of doubting annoy—
A satisfied brain—and a satisfied heart—
Mid the shaping of Glory and exquisite art.
So the city arose as a flower may be born
With the sap of the earth, and the dew, and the morn,
A dream the most ravishing ever men saw,
The gazers beheld it in worshipping awe
Afraid it would vanish—like temples in sky
Made of clouds when the sunshine was blushing to die.
No Hovels, foul alleys, were here to the gaze—
But broadly magnificent stretched the street ways—
The building for poor men had open wide space
With modern conception for use and for grace;
And fountains and Parks, rare trees and sweet flowers.
And rare bands of music through twenty-four hours—
To sounds most harmonious the toiler closed eyes,
Should he wake in the night hours to him no surprise
To hear of sweet measure—and so back to dreams—
And when o'er the world the morning first beams
He awoke to his toil at sounds that were sweet—
From morning to even when toiling complete—
The sound of sweet music made short the day's task.

And such things for eating, all mortal could ask—
And wine of the rarest in goblet and flask—
And clothes were of broadcloth, and satin, and silk—
And faces were bathed in wild asses' milk,
And Jewels and diamonds no longer were rare,
They flashed on all fingers, and breasts and in hair.
It was, ho! to the merry—to languorous dance—
It was to be mated in Kisses and glance—
No wives and no husbands—it was, ho! to be free
As the kine of the fields—the birds on the tree—
You saw and you coveted passing sweet charms
And none was to hinder the circling of arms—
For all were unfettered—and free as the wind
For passion triumphant, and never confined;
This rose for an hour—that rose for a day—
Tomorrow there cometh a fairer array—
With never a bond to keep thee in check,
With never a shackle to fall on thy neck—
'Twas this one today, and that one tomorrow,
No parting with tears, nor pleadings, nor sorrow—
But touch as you will—possess and forsake—
What you will discard another will take—
And you will possess what another discards—
The rattle of dice box—the cutting of cards—
The Eating—the drinking—the wasting of treasure—
For what of your gold if it buyeth not pleasure—
The pampering of flesh—and taking one's ease
With never a law but Just Do as you Please!

Vile Spirit! and this the Heaven you'll bring—
And men all delighted shall worship your King—
Come and go at his bidding—and never deny
The sin of the flesh—not the senses, nor the eye,
And thus for three years and a half be the revel
Of you, and of yours, neath the reign of The Devil!

Around Jerusalem and Babylon
The Crisis of the World most surely won,
For the Returned Jews with all their wealth
Be fearful of the thought that Gentile felt
At heart still bitterness and scorn and hate,
And so to press back feelings of Grim Fate
They'll send Ambassadors to Babylon—
So by vast Largess is that Great Prince won
To be Protecting Friend for Seven Years.
But time of short rejoicing—soon old fears
Again possess them for The Prince will come
And entering in The City shall possess
The Temple and the Citadel—grim Distress
And agony once more shall strike them dumb.

Like Butter and like honey his soft words—
But his acts sharper than the two-edged swords;
He pictures all the future with glad hope—
Give them short-shift with Guillotine and rope;
His manners be superb in courtesy—
His act more stinging than a scorpion's be;
No matter if they bend the servile knee,
Lay down in dust before his charger's feet
Servility of no Race so complete,

He like a tiger with ferocious jaws
But laughs to scorn his promises, his laws,
And fastened on their throat as if to tear
Their life hopes with a venom strangely rare.

Thou wicked spirit, squatting dumbly there,
I know full well that Revelry you'll share
Whether in high or low thou shalt reside,
Thou shalt be bitter thorn in Israel's side,
And all the cunning that long Ages taught
Surely shall bring envenomed cruel thought
So monstrous wickedness by thee be wrought.
And strange the things indeed thou art to see—
For where the Buildings of the Temple be
Shall be the habitation and foul nest
Of creatures hating CHRIST—there men possessed
With all the Chiefest Demons of your Race—
For that King entering The Most Holy Place
Showing contempt of all JEHOVAH's Power—
Shall call men to be Witnesses that hour—
JEHOVAH and HIS CHRIST are laughed to Scorn!
And where GOD's Ark should empty place adorn
There shall be planted throne of Jeweled Gold.
And is it vain to think men shall behold
The King, thus seated, lifted high in air
By millions, Demons, Satan gathers there—
Men shall behold astonished, Beings fair
That never mortals can with them compare,
Beings Superbly Grand—who take his throne
High in Mid air—King seated there alone—
With mighty thunderings of unseen hosts

Filling the air and earth with mighty boast
This Man a God who shall JEHOVAH crush—
Then bear the King back to the Holy Place—
Where he as God dispenses gifts and grace—
And Human led by Demons there shall rush
To do him homage with the tongue and knee—
With shoutings fierce as hurricane may be!

Who the four angels in Euphrates bound
Who never yet gave warning, nor a sound
Through weary ages, to humanity—
Tho' hid—the scourge of GOD that's yet to be,
The Scorpion sting chastisement for the sin
Of GOD abandoned, GOD despising men!
Prisoners now bound in the Euphrates tide
Beneath its rapid waters deep and wide,
The four Chiefs waiting for the coming hour
When loosened—burst with savage, pent-up power,
Of Myriads upon Myriads for the fray
And terror of the Anti-Christian Day.

Surely there must have been strange wanton crime,
A lower level of debauching slime,
That made GOD chain them to their sinning place
Their scene of Triumph—and of deep disgrace
Waiting, still waiting as the years swept by
Idle, inactive, with the bitter cry;
The inactivity to limb and brain
Is worse than most excruciating pain;
For never once into the prison keep
Stole one sweet moment of oblivious sleep,

So wide awake—alert—but all in vain
In Summer, Winter, sunshine, pattering rain;
And ever more the river in the ear
'Til every second lengthened to a year.
The Seconds into Minutes— those to days,
And days to years like burnished brasses blaze
Smote on the eyeballs set in steady gaze,
'Twere horrible, appalling, and each sense
Stretched to the breaking point—high strung—intense—
But never so intense to crack or strain
Of wishing—when all hoping was in vain.
A brain weird, thinking of the days gone by—
The mirage of the first glimpse of the eye
Of early Paradise—the flowers that grew
Whose petals and green leaves stood out to view,
And nodded as were wont in olden days,
Can see their long stalks bent a score of ways
In the soft kissing breezes loving them—
Can see again the columned, graceful stem,
The wondrous branching out of tender leaves—
The serrated edges, and the stains
Of rarest colors running in the veins—
The flowers—the flowers once gathered in great sheaves—
The perfumes—oh, the perfumes to the sense
'Twould be to years of suffering recompense
To hide the face one minute in such wealth—
Surely surcease to every pain throb felt—
And then the trees, their shadows in the sun—
Upon the grass their varyings never done
With never the same pattern, but change,
Mosaics ever beautifully strange—

The Carols of the birds in branches high—
The garden stretches—and the uplands vast
That never knew a blight—nor winter blast—
The woods, the forests, and the graceful hills,
The mountain ranges that white snow flake fills—
The cliffs, the chasms—and the waterfalls—
Lo, ever to sweet sounding echo calls—
The springs, the rivulets between the hills,
The chuckling brooks, the laughter loving rills—
The rivers broad and stately and serene—
And then the sparkling ocean's blue and green—
The beach, the sandy coves—the open bay—
The Islands in the distance—far away
Like a green stone on woman's finger set—
O Paradise, O Paradise, can one forget!
One shivers to remember, yet it comes
To brain and senses while the river drums
It cries and its pulsations evermore—
While coming and then fading lies the shore—
Of Paradise to mock and to deride—
Euphrates muddy waters slip and slide
A monotone—A horror in its song—
'Till every tingling sense—cries "God! how long?"

Yet when comes ending of their idleness—
They will be to the World dire distress,
Humanity the victims of their wrath,
Their rush shall be a devastated path
Of cursing, shrieking, maimed humanity;
For they shall rush with an imperious force
The Roman Empire their encircling course—

And Devastation bitter and complete
When ever comes the rushing of their feet—
Their time—"An hour, a day, a month—a year!"
But in that space—what bitterness, what fear,
What shuddering, what shrinking from a foe
One cannot see—but every soul will know
Myriad of Myriads horsemen everywhere
Sweeping and circling on the earth, in air;
The lion-headed horses—mouth and tail
Like serpents cunning, crafty to assail—
Breast plates of fire, and jacinth, and brimstone,
Surely a tempest terrible be sown
Of fire, and smoke, and brimstone, so that men
Are slain by tens of thousand—kith and kin
Disowned forgotten—every human tie
Faded from heart, from brain, from soul, from eye—
Humanity all shuddering and torn
Like thistle down before a cyclone borne—
Before an avalanche of serried might
With only fire and smoke to human sight—
The Riders and the horses all unseen—
That surely half its bitterness I ween
An unseen furious foe to strike—to smite—
It were indeed a most unequaled fight
Humanity by such be torn, and shattered,
Grimly distorted, maimed and battered—
'Til all the Roman Empire shriek in wrath
Hatred of Secret foe in secret path.
And surely scare a spot but sees the dead—
The cities frantic—dead uncoffined—
E'en rich can neither bribe, nor bar this foe—

In cities, villages, and fields wide spread,
Filled with the stricken, suffering and dead,
A very charnal house, with fetid stench
Of bodies cast into the open trench,
Or piled pellmell into the open tombs,
As loathsome to the senses as the fumes
Snorted by unseen horses as they spun
Heedless alike of rise and setting sun.

And yet 'mid all the clamor and dismay
Men waxed in savage sinning day by day,
The living 'mid the corpses hold carouse
Laughter and Weeping dwell in the same house,
And blasphemy more open, daring, bald,
As Dying to the Living gasping, called
For hatefulness to GOD and to HIS SON—
'Til even Blasphemy of Hell outdone—
And unrepenting, sinning to the last
Out to the mist and Darkness millions passed.

How terrible the thought that on the world
Countless battalions of vile Demons hurled
To creep in men and women—to betray
And in the direst wickendess array
Humanity against GOD and HIS SON—
Thereby the Crest Wave of Rebellion won!
For men led on by Demons shall oppose
JEHOVAH'S CHRIST—and dare in deadly close
Match even strength with the Omnipotent!
Men by the Venom of the Demons sent
To dare CHRIST'S might on Armageddon's Field—
There hate to CHRIST and Jew shall be revealed

On the thick bosses of Eternal shield
Evil be shattered, broken, and shall yield
Its Majesty and Power—trembling in wild fears,
Give CHRIST Allegiance for The Thousand Years.
If 'tis a horror now to meet but one
What of the millions men shall look upon
Hearing their jests, their blasphemy, their scream.

Men unbelieving now cry: "Crank's wild dream!"
And yet if *God's Word* true men yet shall see
Myriads on myriads in the years to be
Like such as these—perchance, and even worse;
For when will fall Satanic blighting curse
The Earth a maelstrom of iniquity—
And Earth no better than The Pit to see!
The very thought is surely most appalling,
To know in little space, from Satan's calling
Millions of Demons on this globe be falling—
From upper spaces—rise from lower places—
Like locust moving over Earth's broad spaces—
Creeping in souls of men to find a rest
And in Humanity make filthy nest.

Lo, then o'er Europe Revelry of Hell!
For Human Beings by Satanic spell,
Demon possessed, shall wallow in the slime
Of infamy, pollution, and of crime.
The ten commandments be reversed indeed—
The *"Thou shalt not"* laughed at, and all may read
"Thou shalt do so!" 'til Humans are as brutes—
And surely such a sowing will give fruits

That will appal, for Lo, Satanic power
(Unchecked by Christ) Triumphant for the hour.

For GOD hath set apart a certain space
Wherein HE shall withdraw HIS Royal Grace
From Roman Earth—Leave Human, Satan's prey,
The time is set—the years, the hours—the day
Not more, not less—decree immutable—
The Word of GOD *doth surely this foretell.*

They had despised HIS CHRIST two thousand years—
Hailed HIM with mockery, with taunts, with sneers;
Tho' men despised HIM—HIS Love never waned—
Tho' generation after Generation had obtained
The Life for asking—but they held HIM light
And went their ways in sullenness and slight,
Until GOD's Clock of Patience told the Hour—
Then Grace withdrawn. To Satan's deadly power
Humanity forsaken—and GOD laid
A silence on THE SPIRIT, and let men
Drink to the dregs of folly and of sin—
Defying GOD—and yet were not afraid!

For three years and one-half GOD stands aside
In a grim silence—and no word gives forth—
Humanity shall laugh at, shall deride
And all HIS attributes be made the sport
Of men and Devils—Satan shall be God
To rule the Roman world with iron rod—
His will, his way, his purpose, his design,
GOD will all government to him resign,
And Satan's King shall have supreme command

The Roman World be given to his hand—
His arbitrary wish the only law—
Humanity shall worship in fell awe
Well knowing it were useless to dispute—
He stands embodiment of Satan's truth!
And woe to those who question or dispute,
Like flies of summer swept away in wrath
Humanity must tread his bitter path
Unquestioning its Wisdom or its sense.
And in this service there be no pretense
For the indwelling demons would betray
Faintest reflection from Satanic sway—
A witness 'gainst the victim—its poor prey.

Oh, what an awful world!—In little space
Men knew the bitterness of this embrace—
A Spirit in their breast a hostile thing
That by its treachery rejoiced to bring
Upon its victim dire contumely—
When Demon entered first—a glorious thing
To feed vile appetite 'twould ever bring
The coveted desire as if with joy—
Striving to please alone seemed its employ—
Brief hour of pleasure, in a little space
The victim shivers in that fell embrace,
The Demon has its wish in everything!
In vain the victim feels keen suffering
Its crying and its pleading all in vain,
The Demon ever holds the whip and rein
Driving the human—'til with every breath
It cries to heaven for gentle touch of Death—

But seeking Death is now a thing most vain,
Life throbbed in every artery and vein
And would not at men's bidding stand aside—
In Roman earth could be no suicide!

What a grim Living—when the Demon sought
To analyze its victim's every thought,
And if Disloyalty to Satan there
The tortured victim shrieked in its despair.
So wanting not to live—it could not die—
But grovelling at the Demon's feet to lie
Fearing to think—fearing of everything—
Without a ray of Hope in all its suffering.
Despairing of this world—and that "To Come!"
The Terribleness of such made men dumb—
The future life no longer hid from sight,
All Agnostic thought now put to flight,
Men are no longer doubting and perplexed
Of what their end in this life and the next—
And Having trampled on the CHRISTLY blood
Now as apostates before GOD they stood
Without a single ray of Hope to light
The Blackness of an everlasting night.
As they would have not of THE CHRIST—HE gave
Them of a King more cruel than the grave—
Humanity became most base and servile slave.

They laughed at CHRIST—and did despise HIS Claim—
He who for Sinners bore sins' blunt and shame—
By HIS shed blood through sacrifice had won
The Power to make each sinner as GOD's son—

HIM they cast forth, and coupled with HIS Name
A word of Infamy and biting shame!
So man to man—until whole Nations said:
"We will not have this Christ to be our head—
He was a Fraud and rose not from the Dead—
All Christian sacraments we lay on shelf—
Man is our God—let each man worship self!"
So SPIRIT's pleadings ceased, and men cast forth
To be the victims of the demons sport—
Pampered at first—and then the deadly sting
It was indeed a sad awakening—
Outcast from GOD—a devil hated thing—
What voice portray their fearful suffering—
No hope on earth—and surely they were dumb
With awful horror at The World to Come!
But surely measured are the Evil Days.

Lo, CHRIST all suddenly HIS Wrath Displays—
And fast and thick the vials of HIS wrath
Poured out upon the Anti-Christian path—
And CHRIST at last descends on Olivet!
Lo, Good and Evil to fell close are met—
Decisive and so short the quick cleavage—
Vain the Satanic, and the human rage.

A Word and, lo! the victory is won—
When comes the setting of the evening sun
The World hath Peace—The Prince of Peace hath come!
The Raging and the warrings are all dumb—
The CHRISTLY enemies are swept away—
The Human smote by plague and quick decay—

The Demons to the pit—and Satan bound—
No evil thing is left the World around.

And where, O Wickedness, shalt thou be found
But in the deepest chambers of The Pit,
A cheerless place where never light is lit,
A misery that for a thousand years
Shall hold thee in thine agony and fears.

And then that little space to be set free,
Full to dark wickedness thy soul shall flee
Again to tempt the human—be let in
The flesh to wallow in the Depths of Sin
To daring of High Heaven in everything—

But soon the little space time taketh wing
Then out to utter darkness to be cast,
Thy sinning with the Human ever past,
At thy fate surely one may stand aghast
And pity thee with pity all too late,
For thou mid myriads shall be desolate—
An unclean Creature with an awful Fate!

The ages—Oh, the ages yet to come!
Can wisdom grasp totality—the sum?
The Ages after Ages disappear
And still no closer is the end anear—
Each age be like a sand cube of the beach
The out unending no man's mind can reach.

So when long ages pass—and I (shall be
Saved by His Blood) have life continually,
Not waxing old, decrepit, but still strong
In flesh and soul while Ages roll along,
Unperishing, yet growing in clear mind,
In learning, and in knowledge not confined
To any vision, scope, nor time, nor place,
Freedom to come and go in vaster space
Than we may picture now in wildest dream.

Then will there come a day—ah, may I deem
Such hour be mine—to go and visit thee—
Deep in thy prison house thy form to see,
And question if repentance shed one ray
Of hope upon thy dark and dismal way—
One faint hope that The Christ may pitying be—
In His sweet grace one moment think of thee.
And if such ever cometh to thy mind
The wisher surely can some comfort find
To one that calleth He is very nigh.
In knowing that He heeds the sparrow's cry!

But should I find thee still in love with sin
And all the Ages no repentance win—
Surely I freely would forgive thee all
O'er thy transgressions let Oblivion fall—
I could but shed a tear—and go my way—
And who may dare say 'twere a sin to pray—
If Christ should call—thou wouldst not answer—Nay!

JEHOVAH'S TESTIMONY

"To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them."

(*The human comment inserted amid the quotations from The Word, are written with the prayer, and hope, that they will not in the smallest iota be contrary to the Spirit and Purpose of The Written Word.*)

When the most treacherous act ever committed by human was about to be perpetrated—we read in The Word:

"And Satan entered into Judas."

May we doubt if otherwise Judas would have betrayed The Lord of Glory. We therefore have testimony which cannot be questioned that Evil Spirits can enter the human and energize the Human to acts it would otherwise have shrunk from.

Now the testimony of THE LORD CHRIST states distinctly that Satan is:

"The Prince of the Power of the air."

"The Prince of this World."

The inspired Apostle's words designate him:

"The God of This World."

The Word of JEHOVAH to Ezekiel—lifts in a few brief, but impressive words, the curtain of the Past, and shows the splendor of this Satan in the Far off Ages—(of any human such words could not be uttered—but

the words indicate the Person who energized The King of Tyrus).

Thus saith The Lord God:

"Thou sealest up the sum, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty. Thou hast been in Eden the Garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle and gold: the workmanship of thy tabrets and of thy pipes was in thee; in the day that thou wast created they were prepared. Thou wast the Anointed Cherub that covereth: and I set thee, so that thou wast upon the Holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till unrighteousness was found in thee. By the multitude of thy traffic they filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned: therefore I have cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God: and I have destroyed thee, O covering Cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire. Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty, thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness: I have cast thee to the ground I have laid thee before Kings, that they may behold Thee!"

(Therefore Satan's sin was Pride that had fain spurred him to become equal with God.)

Then Jehovah put on the lips of Isaiah the words:

"How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which did weaken the Nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my

throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most high."

(Jehovah's Word first introduction of Satan to humanity is as a spirit who surely could hardly descend more meanly, as to crave the body of a snake—he who was once The Highest Created Intelligence, with millions to serve and obey him, now enters the creature that ever crawls—a very worm of the dust. Such the effects of sin—ever tending from the highest nature to the meanest. He comes to woman in form of a snake—tempts the woman to distrust God (not the mere eating of the fruit), tempts her with the thought of Pride—eat and "ye shall be as God!" and with this wild hope no doubt Adam was also tempted. She by her knowledge of evil made him, no doubt, curious to know of this new thing. So, therefore, very plainly The Word shows—that Satan can possess other creatures than himself—and energize them for Evil.)

Now The Word tells us plainly that Satan has a mighty host in numbers willing to do his evil commands:

"The Devil and his Angels."

"Wicked spirits in high places."

"The Angels who kept not their first estate."

"God spared not the Angels who sinned."

"The Angels which kept not their own principality but left their proper habitations He hath kept in everlasting bonds under darkness unto the Judgment of The Great Day."

"Loose the four Angels which are bound in the great

River Euphrates—they were loosed—the number of the army—two hundred thousand thousand."

"For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the World-Rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the Heavenly places."

"Who will persuade Ahab that he may go up and fall?" "And a spirit said, I will persuade him:" "Wherewith?"

"I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets."

"They sacrifice to Demons not to God."

"Ye cannot drink the Cup of the Lord and the Cup of Devils."

"Ye cannot partake of the table of the Lord and the table of Devils."

"The things which the Gentiles sacrifice they sacrifice to Devils and not to God."

"And certain women which had been healed of Evil Spirits and Infirmities, Mary that was called Magdalene from whom seven devils had gone out."

"Thou dumb and deaf spirit I charge thee, come out of him, and enter him no more."—"rent him sore and came out of him."

"Suffered not the Devils to speak because they knew Him."

"And the unclean spirits whensoever they beheld Him fell down before Him, and cried, saying: Thou art the Son of God! And He charged them much that they should not make Him known."

"If I by the spirit of God cast out devils then is the Kingdom of God come to you!"

"The unclean spirit when he is gone out of the man, passeth through waterless places, seeking rest, and findeth it not. Then sayeth he I will return into my house whence I came out, and when he is come he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with him seven other spirits more evil than himself, and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man becometh worse than the first."

By these citations it is easy to see, if one is not willfully blind, the Word of JEHOVAH in the plainest of expressions, so "that he who runs may read," has pledged His words to the awful Truth that: Evil Spirits control the beings of men to their everlasting destruction.

II

We shall now, with very brief comment of ours interspersed, Give the Words of JEHOVAH as to the fearful, awful sin of any human who would invite a demon to take possession of their bodies.

And without their desire no demon can take possession—they can only enter when welcomed by the human. GENESIS—"The Nephilim were on the Earth in those days . . . the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them—the same were the mighty men which were of old the men of renown." (See Jude—6 verse.)

"The wickedness of the Amorites is not yet full" (the great sin of the Amorites was worshipping Demons).

"Wherefore hast thou stolen my Gods?" "And Laban searched all the tent, but found them not." (See 2 Corinthians, 10 ch., 20 verse.)

"And Jacob said, put away the strange Gods that are among you and be you clean." "They gave to Jacob all the strange Gods" (idols) that were in their hand, and all the earrings which were in their ears; and Jacob hid them under the oak." (The Heathen women's earrings were largely figure pieces of the Gods (demons) they worshipped.)

Pharaoh . . . called for all the magicians of Egypt—but there were none that could interpret "the dream."

The cup "whereby he divineth." (It is noticeable these words uttered by Joseph's steward—Joseph's words—"Wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine"—but certainly without the cup that Heathens used for their divinations.)

EXODUS: Pharaoh also called the wise men and the Sorcerers: "now the magicians of Egypt did also in like manner with their enchantments—the rods became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods."

"And all the waters in the River were turned to blood."

"And the magicians did so with their enchantments."

"Frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt and the magicians did so with their enchantments."

"All the dust of the land became lice throughout all the land of Egypt—And the magicians did so with their enchantments to bring forth lice—but they could not. . . . Then The Magicians said unto Pharaoh This is the finger of God!" (Here the Magicians who had performed their miracles by their scores of Gods—Demons—had to acknowledge their helplessness before Jehovah.)

(Up to this point Jehovah permitted the Magicians to perform miracles, after their failure they no more were

called upon by Pharaoh—more than probable they utterly failed in the trying—they had to acknowledge the Supremacy of The Hebrew God. Any of the Magicians of the priestly order, by having lice on them, were unclean and could not therefore sacrifice to the Gods—this no doubt prohibiting public service throughout all Egypt.)

"Against all the Gods of Egypt I will execute Judgment!"

"Now I know that the Lord is greater than all Gods, for in the thing wherein they dealt proudly He was above them."

JEHOVAH said: "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me!"

"Thou shalt not suffer a Witch to Live!" (Kashaph).

(This command has been much condemned—even by Christian Ministers—but The Law under which the Israelites were governed by, was entirely different from that which governs a Christian's conduct. It was positively stated to the People of Israel that they were to be: "A Peculiar Treasure unto me above all People: for all the Earth is mine: And ye shall be unto me a Kingdom of Priests, and an Holy Nation." Hence the Jewish people were to be under a pure Theocracy, an example for all other Peoples on the Earth. He was simply to other Nations Their Creator, Their Preserver; and if they desired to join the Israelites they could become too His peculiar People, incorporated into that Nation. The Jewish People, however, miserably failed to fulfil their high calling—And now in Christ Jesus Salvation is offered to all Humanity—we are in an age of Grace not

of Law. Christians can now condemn but not punish a witch.)

"He that sacrificeth unto any God save unto the Lord only, he shall be utterly destroyed."

"Make no mention of the name of other Gods, neither let it be heard out of thy mouth."

"Thou shalt not bow down to their Gods." (Cananitish.)

"Nor serve them, nor do after their works: but thou shalt utterly overthrow, and quite break down their images."

"Thou shalt make no covenant with them nor with their Gods. They shall not dwell in thy land lest they make thee Sin against Me: for if thou serve their Gods it will surely be a snare."

"Up, make us Gods that shall go before us!" Aaron received them at their hand and fashioned it with a graving tool after he had made it a golden calf: and they said, "These be thy Gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the Land of Egypt." And when Aaron saw it, he built an altar before it, and Aaron made a proclamation and said, To-morrow is a feast to the Lord . . . they offered burnt offerings and brought peace offerings." (No doubt Aaron had in mind the Bull Apis, worshipped by the Egyptians, when he formed a calf. And Aaron in his cowardice before Moses said as if a miracle had been formed: "I cast it into the fire and there came out this calf!" The People danced before the calf naked—this practice they learned of the Egyptian, for during the passage of the ship who bore the images of certain Gods, the inhabitants along the River,

the women included, disrobed themselves, and naked, danced as the boat passed by. Moses gave orders to the Levites who were especially set aside for service of the Tabernacle to slay a number of the transgressors and three thousand men were slain. And the Lord plagued the people because they made the Calf.)

"Take heed to thy self, lest thou make a covenant with the inhabitants of the land whither thou goest, lest it be a snare in the midst of thee: But ye shall destroy their altars, break their images, and cut down their groves: For thou shalt worship no other God: for the Lord whose name is Jealous, is a Jealous God! Lest thou make a covenant with the inhabitants of the land, and they go a whoring after their Gods, and do sacrifice unto their Gods, and one call thee and thou eat of their sacrifices: and thou take of their daughters unto thy sons, and their daughters go a whoring after their Gods, and make thy sons go a whoring after their Gods. Thou shalt make thee no molten Gods."

"And they shall no more offer their sacrifices unto devils after whom they have gone a whoring! This shall be a statute for ever unto them throughout their generations."

"Turn ye not into idols nor make to yourselves molten Gods."

"Neither shall ye use enchantments, nor observe times."

"Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh."

(The Priests of Baal in their eagerness to bring fire from Baal in their controversy with Elijah, "they cried aloud and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets till the blood gushed out upon them." And we read in Zechariah XIII—"The Prophets and the unclean

spirit shall pass out of the land . . . It shall come to pass in that day that the Prophets shall be ashamed every one of his visions . . . neither shall they wear a rough garment to deceive: but shall say, I am no prophet . . . one shall say unto him: What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer: Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends."

(Here let me call attention how that true Christians, with a strange and most wonderful blindness, and utter misconception as to who the speaker, put the words in the mouth of our Lord Jesus Christ! The speaker is a false prophet, not the Lord of Glory. No wonder that Scriptures are so much misread, when such plain words as above are almost by the Church Universal given as a prophecy of Our Blessed Lord, who surely was not wounded in the house of His friends—but his hands nailed to the cross by Roman Soldiers, suffering in House of His Foes.)

"Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards to be defiled by them."

"Again shalt thou say to the children of Israel—whosoever be he of the children of Israel or of the strangers that sojourn in Israel, that give it any of his seed to Moloch; he shall surely be put to death: the people of the land shall stone him with stones. And I will set my face against that man and will cut him off from among my people, because he hath given of his seed unto Moloch to defile my sanctuary, and to profane My Holy name. And if the people of the land do anyways hide their eyes from the man when he giveth of his seed unto Moloch and kill him not: Then I will set my face against

that man, and against his family, and will cut him off, and all that go a whoring after him, to commit whoredom with Moloch from among my people."

(We lately in England had a case somewhat analogous to this offering of children to Moloch. We have one of the most famous scientists—may we say of the World, going as it were in morning, at noon, at night to women who have familiar spirits, *and urging his children to do likewise—thus offering his seed to Demons.* And we now wait to see if this to be pitied and unfortunate man will be allowed in a manner to guide the young men under his watchcare in his pernicious ways. The Regents of that school at which he is the head should dismiss him from such a high position. If left there, no one can tell how far his fatal influence will extend over England and her provinces over seas. And if the Regents fail in their duty—then JEHOVAH will not be blind to their folly.)

"The soul that turneth after such as have Familiar Spirits and after wizards to go awhoring after them. I will even sit My face against that soul and will cut him off from among his people."

"A man also or woman that hath a familiar spirit or that is a wizard shall surely be put to death: They shall stone them with stones: their blood shall be upon them."

"You shall make you no idols, neither shall ye rear you a graven image, or a pillar, neither shall ye place any figured stone in your land to bow down to it."

NUMBERS: "And the people began to commit whoredom with the daughters of Moah. And they called the people unto the sacrifices of their Gods; and the people

did eat and bowed down to their Gods." "Those who died in the plague were twenty and four thousand." "When ye have passed over Jordan into the land of Canaan: Then ye shall drive out all the inhabitants of the land from before you, and destroy all their pictures, and destroy all their molten images, and quite pluck down all their high places: and ye shall dispossess the inhabitants of the land and dwell therein: for I have given you the land to possess it." (We have read, and heard, many hard and wicked words against "Jehovah of the Jews"—in fact strictly rebellious words uttered by so-called Christians, as they blasphemously rebuke The Maker of Creation, The Maker and Owner of the Universe, as if He had not right to the World that He created: In fact, no word too bitter in their anger against "Jehovah of the Jews"; and no words too kind towards the unfortunate Canaanites. They remind us of the very eloquent and most blasphemous utterance (the stubby, rotund figure), of the Bishop of Michigan, who before some five hundred students in one of the most "advanced thought" and "richest in this World's goods" university, waved his hand (on whose finger glistened, in a mild imitation of The Popes, a very large precious stone)—he flippantly, even contemptuously said of the great fundamental doctrines of The Lord Christ, "We cast such doctrines to the scrap pile." The contemners of the Executors of JEHOVAH'S Just Judgments of Death to the Canaanites Ignore that the tendency of Evil is ever downward to more debasing depths. The mind feeds on evil until it is rotten to the core. The tendency of evil is ever to entice others to its subtle, alluring but deadly

ways. Hence JEHOVAH who bore with such people for over four hundred years, that we know of, and they only waxing in wickedness—for their Religion was one of the vilest debauchery—their life and land were full of violence. Hence JEHOVAH knew that the inhabitants of the entire land would corrupt their children, and children's children to deeper depths of corruption—that, humanly speaking, they were past redemption—so to end such and save the then children, and unborn generations, He gave commandment to Israel to utterly destroy them. Every Law of JEHOVAH they had outraged contemptuously, defiantly—and it was JEHOVAH's right to destroy, to make an end of wickedness when He wills. Why should man have the right to execute felons who disobey their law, Earth's Rulers the right to slay Rebels, and shall The Lord alone be debarred from this prerogative? It would be well for Christians especially to consider prayerfully this condemnation of JEHOVAH—else, "happily they may be found fighting against God.")

DEUTERONOMY: "Lest ye corrupt yourselves, and make you a graven image, of the similitude of any figure, the likeness of male and female."

"Take heed unto yourselves, lest ye forget the covenant of the Lord your God which he made with you, and make you a graven image, or the likeness of anything which the Lord thy God had forbidden thee."

"When thou shalt beget children, and children's children, and ye shall have remained long in the land, and shall corrupt yourselves, and make a graven image, or the likeness of anything, and shall do evil in the sight of The Lord thy God to provoke Him to anger: I call

Heaven and Earth to witness against thee this day, that ye shall soon utterly perish from off the land . . . you shall not prolong your days upon it, ye shall be utterly destroyed. And the Lord shall scatter you among the Nations, and ye shall be few in number among the Heathen, whether The Lord shall lead you."

"Ye shall not go after other gods of the gods of the people round about you."

"Ye shall destroy their altars, and break down their images and cut down their groves, and burn their graven images with fire. For thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God. The Lord thy God had chosen thee to be a special people unto Himself, above all people that are on the face of the Earth."

"The graven images of their Gods shall ye burn with fire: thou shalt not desire the silver or gold that is on them, nor take it unto thee."

"Ye shall utterly destroy all the places wherein the Nations which ye shall posses served their gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and under every green tree: and ye shall overthrow their altars, and break their pillars, and burn their groves with fire; and ye shall hew the graven images of their Gods, and destroy the names of them out of that place."

"Take heed to thyself that thou be not snared by following them after that they be destroyed from before thee; and that thou inquire not after their gods, saying, How did these nations serve their Gods?"

(How many people out of curiosity inquire of mediums —go to their meetings—alas, how many are ensnared by the demons in this manner. Hence, the many warnings

given to Israel to have no communication with the people who worshipped strange gods—who were, as JEHOVAH said repeatedly, "such gods are demons.")

"Thou shalt not do so unto the Lord thy God for every abomination to the Lord which He hateth have they done unto their gods, for even their sons and daughters they have burned in the fire to their gods."

"If there arise among you a prophet or a dreamer of dreams and giveth thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign come to pass where of he spake unto thee, saying, let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them; Thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet or that dreamer of dreams . . . and that prophet or dreamer of dreams shall surely be put to death."

(No doubt a host of so-called mediums are base deceivers, but there are also those inspired by demons, who having supernatural powers, can give signs and information—reveal things only known beforehand to the victim who listens; and also give shrewd guesses as to the happenings in the near future—for as demons have the experience of thousands of years behind them, they, knowing the circumstances surrounding the victim's life, can by analogy give a shrewd guess as to the near future of events. Studying during thousands of years hundreds, aye thousands, of individuals they are adepts to guess what the human will do under various circumstances—for as St. Paul writes, "We wrestle not with flesh and blood but against Spiritual Wickedness in high places." The common human then without the Grace of Christ can

easily be deceived by, to use a common expression, these wily, hoary headed sinners—Demons.)

"If thy brother the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, let us go and serve other gods . . . thou shalt not consent unto him, nor hearken unto them; neither shall thine eye pity, neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him: but thou shalt surely kill him; thy hand shall be the first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people."

(As we are now under the Amnesty of Grace—Grace to one and all on the Earth, and have been, since The Christ shed His blood upon the cross, to make possible the salvation for all if they believe in Him, and there is no difference between Jew and Gentile before God, Christians as individuals or as a body, or so called Christian Nations, have no right to slay anyone for their religious belief. We must remember that before the cross all were strictly under JEHOVAH'S Law—and Israel were chosen to be HIS Executors against all who transgressed wilfully certain laws—they failed in their high calling—were driven unto exile, and ceased to be His Executors for Righteousness.)

"If thou shalt hear say in one of thy cities which the Lord thy God had given thee to dwell: certain men, the children of Belial are gone out from among you and have withdrawn the inhabitants of their City, saying, Let us go and serve other Gods, which ye have not known; then shalt thou inquire, and make search, and ask diligently; and behold if it be truth, and the thing certain, that

such abomination is wrought among you; thou shalt surely smite the inhabitants of that City with the edge of the sword destroying it utterly, and all that is therein and the Cattle thereof, with the edge of the sword. And thou shalt gather all the spoil of it into the midst of the street thereof, and shall burn with fire the City and all the spoil thereof every whit, for the Lord thy God: and it shall be an heap for ever, it shall not be built again. And there shall cleave naught of the cursed thing to thy hand."

"Man or woman . . . that hath gone and served other gods and worshipped them, either the sun or moon, or any of the host of heaven . . . thou shalt bring forth that man or woman and stone them with stones."

"There shall not be found among you anyone that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations The Lord Thy God doth drive them out from before thee. For these Nations which thou shalt possess hearkened unto observers of times and unto diviners. But of the Cities of these people which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save nothing that breatheth. That they teach you not to do after all their abominations which they have done unto their gods."

"Cursed be the man that maketh any graven or molten image, and abomination unto the Lord, the work of the hands of the craftsman, and putteth in a secret place."

And all the people shall answer and say, "Amen."
(It would be well to study this remarkable prophecy and warning uttered some 800 years before it happened.)
"The land . . . is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass growing therein. . . . The nations shall say, wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this land? What meaneth the heat of this great anger? . . . For they went and served other gods and worshipped them. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against this land . . . and the Lord rooted them out of their land in anger, and in wrath, and in great indignation and cast them unto another land."
(And we may add the words, "as it is this day!" for it is now some 2500 years ago that the Ten Tribes, the Kingdom of Israel was destroyed, its people carried "across the river," and no man knoweth of them to this day. So we have the common inquiry that none can answer until The Lord Jesus Christ gathers them after His Return to Jerusalem. For it seems that they, the ten tribes do not pass under the Tribulation of Antichrist: the reason given, that they had no voice in the Crucifixion of Christ and therefore shall escape "The Day of Jacob's Trouble.")
(And let not those who inquire of Familiar Spirits hug complacently to their soul that they shall escape from the curse uttered against that sin: Listen!)
"Lest there should be among you men or women or family, or tribe . . . to go and serve the gods of these nations . . . and it come to pass when he heareth the words of this curse, that he bless himself in his heart, saying, I shall have peace, tho' I walk in the imagination

of my heart to destroy the moist with the dry. The Lord will not spare him, but then the anger of the Lord and His jealousy shall smoke against that man, and all the curses that are written in this book shall lie upon him, and the Lord shall blot his name from under Heaven."

"And the Lord said to Moses. Behold, thou shalt sleep with thy fathers; and this people will rise up, and go awhoring after the gods of the strangers of the land, whether they go to be among them, and will forsake me, and break my covenant which I have made with them. And my anger shall be kindled against them in that day, and I will forsake them, and I will hide my face from them, and they shall be devoured and many evils and troubles shall befall them."

(This prophecy was fulfilled 800 years afterwards when the Northern Kingdom, the ten tribes, were carried away captive and never yet, except a scattering few, have they returned to the land, as they for many years before "the land spued them out" had become gross idolators.)

(In the Song of Moses another prophecy.)

"But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked: thou are waxen fat, thou art grown thick, thou art covered with fatness; then he forsook God which made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation. They provoked Him to jealousy with strange gods, with abominations provoked they Him to anger. *They sacrificed unto Devils not to God;* to gods whom they knew not, to new gods that came newly up, whom you fathers feared not."

(Surely Jehovah piled up warnings upon warnings, reiterated again and again His anger against this sin of

worshipping Demons—for in this sin every law of the ten commands were broken—of all sins the worship of Demons the most heinous in His sight. And the remaining books of the Old Testament Record the extreme and fatal folly of Israel's disobeying JEHOVAH in this particular sinning.)

JOSHUA: (Almost the dying words of Joshua warn:)

"That ye come not among these Nations, these that remain among ye: neither make mention of the name of their gods, nor cause to swear by them neither serve them, nor bow yourselves to them."

"If ye forsake the Lord, and serve strange gods, then He will turn and do you hurt, and consume you."

JUDGES: Judges is a book of declensions and failures. In fact, taking the children of Israel's position as a whole the closing words of Judges a sad commentary—bordering on lawlessness, "Every man did that which was right in his own eyes!" The children of Israel wilfully disobeyed the Lord's command to utterly destroy certain notoriously wicked tribes—they let them dwell with them —mingled with them—and let them lead them away from JEHOVAH's worship to the worship of false gods. Now ancient idolatry largely appealed to the lower passions of the human—Lasciviousness of the most alluring, to finally the basest, was the snare Prostitution put forth in all their ceremonies as the chief attraction—their images were basely suggestive, their dances mostly of utter abandonment to nakedness—their temples, groves and gardens simply houses of prostitution—and without the Grace of God—there is an attractiveness about such that is not to be ignored.

And so we meet so frequently in Judges the words:)
"And the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord and forgot the Lord their God and served Baalim and the groves."
"And an angel of the Lord came up from Gilgal to Bochim, and said I made you to go up out of Egypt, and have brought you unto the land which I swear unto your Fathers; and I said: I will never break my covenant with you. And ye shall make no league with the inhabitants of this land: ye shall throw down their altars; but ye have not obeyed my voice: Why have ye done this? Wherefore I also said, I will not drive them out before you; but they shall be as thorns in your sides, and their gods shall be a snare unto you."
"And the children of Israel did evil in the sight of The Lord and served Baalim . . . and followed other gods, of the gods of the people that were round about them, and bowed themselves unto them and provoked the Lord to anger. And they forsook the Lord and served Baal and Ashtaroth. And the anger of God was hot against Israel and He delivered them into the hands of spoilers and spoiled them, and He sold them into the hands of their enemies round about, so that they could not any longer stand before their enemies. Whithersoever they went out, the hand of the Lord was against them for evil as the Lord had said and as the Lord had sworn unto them; and they were greatly distressed. Nevertheless the Lord raised up judges, which delivered them out of the hand of those that spoiled them. And yet they would not hearken unto them but they went awhoring after other gods and bowed themselves unto them."

"And it came to pass when the judge was dead that they returned and corrupted themselves more than their fathers in following other gods to serve them and to bow down unto them: they ceased not from their doings, nor from their stubborn way."

Therefore the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and He sold them unto the hands of their enemies.

The children of Israel served Chushanrishathaom 8 years.

The children of Israel served Eglon King of Moab 18 years.

The children of Israel served Jabin King of Canaan 20 years.

The children of Israel served King of Midian 7 years.

The children of Israel served The Philistines 18 years.

The children of Israel served The Philistines 40 years.

SAMUEL: "Now the sons of Eli were sons of Belial; they knew not the Lord."

(So that the very priesthood had turned to evil.)

"Samuel spake unto all the house of Israel saying, if ye do return unto the Lord with all your hearts, then put away the strange gods, and Ashtaroth from among you and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve Him only: and He will deliver you out of the hand of the Philistines.

Then the children of Israel did put away Baalim and Ashtaroth, and served the Lord only."

"And when Saul inquired of the Lord, The Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets. Then said Saul to his servants, seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go and inquire of her. And the servants said to him, Behold

there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor. And Saul disguised himself, and put on other raiment, and he went and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night: And he said, I pray thee divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring me up, whom I shall name unto thee. And the woman said unto him, Behold, thou knowest what Saul hath done, how he hath cut off those that have familiar spirits, and the wizards out of the land; wherefore then layest thou a snare for my life? . . . Said the woman whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said bring me up Samuel. And when the woman saw Samuel she cried with a loud voice: and the woman spake to Saul, saying, why hast thou deceived me? For thou art Saul. And the King said unto her, Be not afraid: for what sawest thou? And the woman said unto Saul, I saw gods ascending out of the Earth. And he said unto her, what form is he of? And she said, an old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground and bowed himself. And Samuel said, why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up? And Saul answered, I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make War against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more neither by prophets nor by dreams: Therefore I have called thee that thou mayest make known to me what I shall do. Then said Samuel, wherefore then dost thou ask of me, seeing The Lord is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy. Because thou obeyest not the voice of the Lord, nor executedst His fierce wrath upon

Amelek, therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day."

(It is very noticeable that when God permitted the spirit of a dead person to come back from Hades, from the dead, He did not permit the familiar Spirit to have any hand in the matter. This woman was terrified when she saw not the Familiar Spirit who communicated with her before in her incarnations, but a figure of person entirely different. No doubt her familiar spirit whispered to her who this stranger was—hence her cry: why hast thou deceived me?)

"So Saul died for his transgression which he committed against the Lord, because of the Word of The Lord which he kept not; and also that he asked counsel of one that had a familiar spirit to inquire thereby, and inquired not of the Lord: Therefore he slew him."

KINGS: (When the Lord appeared to Solomon He warned:)

"But if ye turn at all from following me, ye or your children, and will not keep my commandments and my statutes which I have set before you, but go and serve other gods, and worship them: Then I will cut off Israel out of the land which I have given them; and this house, which I have hallowed for my name, will I cast out of my sight, and Israel shall be a proverb and a byword among all people."

"But King Solomon loved many strange women together with the daughter of Pharaoh, women of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians and Hittites; of the Nations concerning which the Lord said unto the children of Israel. Ye shall not go into them, neither shall

they come unto you: for surely they will turn away your heart after their gods . . . his wives turned away his heart for it came to pass when Solomon was old that his wives turned away his heart after other gods. For Solomon went after Ashtoreth the goddess of the Zidonians, and after Milcom the abomination of the Ammonites. Then did Solomon build a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and, and for Molech the abomination of the children of Ammon. And likewise did he for all his strange wives, which burnt incense and sacrificed unto their gods."

(Therefore the Lord gave, after Solomon's death, ten of the tribes of Israel to Jeroboam to whom the prophet said:)

"Thus saith the Lord the God of Israel, Behold, I will rend the Kingdom out of the hand of Solomon and will give ten tribes to thee: Because they have forsaken me, and have worshipped Ashtoreth the goddess of the Zidonians, Chemosh the God of the Moabites, and Milcom the god of the children of Ammon."

"And Jeroboam said in his heart, now shall the Kingdom return to the house of David: if the people go up to do sacrifice in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem then shall the heart of this people turn again to their Lord even unto Rehoboam . . . and they shall kill me. Whereupon the King took counsel and made two calves of gold, and said unto them, it is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem: behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt. And he set them one in Beth-el and the other he put in Dan. And

this thing became a sin: for the people went to worship before the one, even unto Dan. And he made houses of high places, and priests of the lowest of the people which were not of the sons of Levi. In Beth-el sacrificing unto the calves that he had made, and he placed in Beth-el the priests of the high places which he had made . . . he offered upon the altar and burnt incense. He ordained priests for the high places and for the Devils."
(He won for himself by thus turning the Nation from JEHOVAH a coupling to his name of the awful infamy, "Jeroboam the son of Nebat who made Israel to sin.")
And when Jeroboam sent the queen to inquire of the prophet Ahijah in regard to the sickness of his son Abijah—the prophet said: "Come in thou wife of Jeroboam, why feignest thou thy self to be another. Go tell Jeroboam. Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, for as much as I exalted thee, from among the people, and made thee prince over my people Israel, and rent the Kingdom away from David and gave it to thee: and yet thou hast not been as my servant David who kept my commandments and who followed me with all his heart, to do that only which was right in mine eyes; but hast done evil above all that were before thee: for thou hast gone and made thee other gods, and molten images to provoke me to anger, and hast cast me behind thy back: Therefore, behold, I will bring evil upon the house of Jeroboam, and will cut off from Jeroboam every man child, him that is shut up and him that is left at large in Israel, and will utterly sweep away the house of Jeroboam, as a man sweepeth away dung till it be all gone. Him that dieth of Jeroboam in the City shall the dogs eat: and

him that dieth in the field shall the fowls of the air eat: for the Lord had spoken it. Arise thou therefore, get thee to thine house: and when thy feet enter the City the child shall die."

"The Lord shall smite Israel as a reed is shaken in the water; and He shall root up Israel out of this good land which He gave to their fathers, and scatter them beyond the River!"

"And Jeroboam's wife arose, and departed, and came to Tirzah: and when she came to the threshold of the door the child died."

(This world-wise-wisdom has been copied by the English Government several times in these latter days, in that, in India and other places it subsidizes Heathen Religions of various kinds, paying their priests and keeping up their temples; aye, and even the Government chiefs have gone in their pomp and splendor to honor heathen festivals, and some of such are very vile; the attributes which they claim for several of such gods are fully as vile as any of the ancient Devil worship of old in the land of Canaan. England has been most singularly blest of God in the past—but for such sins as countenancing and paying heathen priests JEHOVAH will surely humiliate her in some manner. And even in another favored country—United States—our Presidents and Governors of States ofttimes in their proclamations of Thangsgivings, evidently so as not to offend some, never mention the name of The Lord Jesus Christ—tho' The Words were spoken by The Son of JEHOVAH Himself: "No man can come to the Father except through me!" So that no prayer is now acceptable to God unless coupled

with the Redeemer's name. So in these Days of Latitudinarianism we have a fair showing of worship and utter indifference to JEHOVAH's Words, and rank cowardice in so-called Christian Nations. Is there no day of Reckoning—can JEHOVAH and His Son Christ be treated as outside of Earthly Governments and with careless indifference—we wot not!)

"Judah did in the sight of The Lord . . . for they also built them high places and images, and groves, on every high hill and under every green tree. And there were also sodomites in the land: and they did according to all the abominations of the Nations which the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel."

And Elijah said to Ahab:

"Now therefore send and gather to me all Israel unto Mount Carmel, and the prohpets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves four hundred who eat at Jazebal's table. So Ahab sent unto all the people of Israel, and gathered the prophets together unto Mount Carmel. Elijah said, how long halt ye between two opinions if the Lord be God follow Him: but of Baal, then follow him, I even only remain a prophet of the Lord, but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty. Let them therefore give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood, put no fire under; and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under: and call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord: and the God that answers by fire, let him be God. Elijah said to the Prophets of Baal, choose one bullock, and dress it first,

for ye are many, and call on the name of your Gods. They took the bullock, they dressed it and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon saying, O Baal, hear us; they leaped upon the altar they had made, and they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them. At noon Elijah mocked them and said, cry aloud; for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked. And it came to pass when midday was passed and they prophesied until the time of the offering the evening sacrifice; Elijah said unto all the people, come near unto me. And all the people came near unto him, and he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down. And Elijah took twelve stones according to the number of the tribes of the sons of Jacob; and with stones he built an altar in the name of the Lord: and he made a trench about the altar as would contain two measures of seed, and he put the wood in order, and cut the bullock in pieces and laid it on the wood, and said, fill four barrels with water and pour it on the burnt sacrifice and on the wood. And he said, do it the second time. And they did it the second time. And he said, do it the third time. And they did it the third time. And the water ran round about the altar: and he filled the trench also with water. And it came to pass at the time of the offering of evening sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near, and said, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and of Israel, let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel, and that I am Thy Servant, and that I have done all these things at Thy

Word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me that this people may know that Thou art the Lord God and that thou hast turned their hearts back to Thee! Then the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust and licked up the water that was in the trench. And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces: and they said, The Lord He is God, The Lord He is God! And Elijah said unto them. Take the Prophets of Baal; let not one of them escape. And they took them: and Elijah brought them down to the brook Kishon, and slew them there."

"Ahab the Son of Omri did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him . . . as if had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, that he took to wife Jezebel the daughter of Ethbaal King of the Zidonians and went and served Baal and worshipped him. And he reared up altars for Baal in the house of Baal, which he had built in Samaria. And Ahab made a grove: and Ahab did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the Kings of Israel that were before him. But there was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of The Lord, when Jezebel his wife stirred up." Ahab said to Jehoshaphat, "Wilt thou go up with me to Ramoth-gilead?" Jehoshaphat said unto Ahab; "enquire, I pray thee, at the word of the Lord today." Ahab gathered four hundred prophets of Baal, who said; "Go up: for the Lord shall deliver it unto the hand of the King!" "But Jehoshaphat said, is there not here a prophet of the Lord besides, that we may inquire of

him." Ahab answered, "There is Micaiah . . . but I hate him; for he doth not prophesy good concerning me but evil." And Jehoshaphat said, "let not the King say so." So Micaiah was called. At first the prophet was ironical, afterwards disclosed a vision wonderful:

"I saw The Lord sitting on His throne, and all the host of Heaven standing by Him on His right hand and on His left. And the Lord said: who shall persuade Ahab that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-gilead? And one said on this manner, and another said on that manner. And there came forth a spirit, and stood before The Lord, and said, I will persuade him! And the Lord said unto him, wherewith? And he said, I will go forth and I will be a lying spirit on the mouth of all his prophets. And He said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also; go forth and do so. Now therefore behold, the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil of thee. . . . The King said, Take Micaiah put him in prison and feed him with bread of affliction and with water of affliction until I come in peace. And Micaiah said, If thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me. And he said, Hearken O People, every one of you!"

And a certain man drew a bow at venture and smote the King of Israel between the joints of the harness; and the blood ran out of the wound in the midst of the chariot. So the King died. And one washed the chariot in the pool of Samaria, and the dogs licked up the blood.

"Ahaziah sent messengers, go, inquire of Baal-zebub the god of Ekron whether I shall recover of this disease, and the angel of the Lord said to Elijah the Tishbite, arise,

go up to meet the messengers of the King of Samaria, and say unto them, is it not because there is not a god in Israel that ye go to inquire of Baal-zebub the god of Ekron, now therefore thus saith the Lord, thou shalt not come down from that bed on which thou art gone up, but shall surely die. So he died according to the word of the Lord which Elijah had spoken."

"And Ahaz walked in the ways of the children of Israel and made also molten images of Baalim, moreover he burnt incense in the valley of the son of Hinnom and burnt his children in the fire after abominations of the heathen whom the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel. He sacrificed also and burnt incense in the high places and on the hills and under every green tree. Wherefore the Lord His God delivered him to his enemies."

"In the ninth year of Hoshea the King of Assyria took Samaria, and carried Israel away unto Assyria, and placed them in Halah, and in Habor by the river of Goran, and in the Cities of the Medes. For so it was that the children of Israel had sinned against the Lord their God which had brought them out of the land of Egypt, and had feared other gods, and had walked in the statutes of the heathen, whom the Lord cast out from before the children of Israel. . . . The children of Israel did secretly those things that were not right against The Lord their God, and they built them high places in all their Cities from the tower of the watchmen to the fenced City. And they set them up images and groves in every high hill and under every green tree: and there they burnt incense in all the high places, as did the heathen whom the Lord

carried away before them; and wrought wicked things to provoke the Lord to anger: for they served idols whereof The Lord had said unto them: Ye shall not do this thing. And they rejected His statutes and His covenant that He made with their fathers, and His testimonies which He testified against them; and they followed vainly, and became vain, and went after the heathen that were around about them . . . and made molten images, even two calves, and made a grove and worshipped all the host of Heaven and served Baal. And they caused their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire, and used divination and enchantments, and sold themselves to do evil in the sight of the Lord to provoke Him to anger. Therefore the Lord was angry with Israel, and removed them out of His sight. The Lord rejected all the seed of Israel and afflicted them, and delivered them unto the hand of the spoilers, until He had cast them out of His sight."

"Manasseh did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, for he built again the high places, which Hezekiah his father destroyed, and he reared up altars for Baal and made a grove and worshipped all the host of heaven and served them: and he made his sons pass through the fire, and observed times, and used enchantments and dealt with familiar spirits and wizards, and he set a graven image of the grove that he had made in the House, of which the Lord said, In this house and in Jerusalem, which I have chosen out of all tribes of Israel, will I put my name forever, Manhasseh seduced them to do more evil than did all the Nations whom the Lord destroyed before the children of Israel."

"Therefore thus saith the Lord God of Israel behold I bring such evil upon Jerusalem and Judah that whosoever hear of it, both his ears shall tingle. I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it, and turning it upside down."

"Moreover the workers with familiar spirits, and the wizards and the images and the idols, and all the abominations that were spied in the land of Israel and in Jerusalem did Josiah put away."

"Through the anger of The Lord it came to pass in Jerusalem, and Judah, until he cast them out of His presence, that Zedekiah rebelled against the King of Babylon. . . . He burnt the House of the Lord, and the King's house, and all the houses of Jerusalem, and ever great man's house burnt he with fire. And he slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes, and put out the eyes of Zedekiah and bound him with fetters of brass, and carried him to Babylon."

The Psalmist tells in graphic words why the Israelites were driven from their inheritance:

"They did not destroy the Nations concerning whom the Lord commanded them."

(Indeed Jehovah bore long with the ancient people of Canaan in their worshipping of evil spirits—for we know that He told Abraham some four hundred and fifty years before He destroyed them by Israel: "For the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full." Jehovah never destroys a nation who sins, without giving them ample time to repent—but when a nation continues to despise Him, and will not repent—when patience exhausted—and He sees that they will continue in sin—then it is a blessing to de-

stroy them—as bringing children into the World to be sinners is more fatal than the destruction of the to be parents. And the high critics may protest, and silly Christians express their mauldin sorrow for the Canaanites—nevertheless—Jehovah has the right to judge and destroy wicked persons and wicked Nations.)

"But were mingled among the heathen, and learned their works. And they served their idols; which were a snare unto them. Yea, they sacrificed their sons and daughters unto Devils."

(The Book of Job is treated by those hostile to the Word of God—as such men as Carlyle—and those Christians who do not believe in verbal Inspiration of JEHOVAH'S words—as a Drama—a fine piece of dramatic story telling—that never man like Job lived. Yet who dare say that Moses in his forty years in his exile did not meet and know such a man. And indeed the contents of the book show that it was written either by Moses, or a contemporary of his times, for we find no hint of the children of Israel in entire narrative, and some mention otherwise would surely be made if written subsequent to Israel's wonderful history—which history was well known to all Eastern Nations. And we would rather take the affirmative of the Prophet Ezekiel who lived closer to Job's period than our modern hostile critics, *who in their love for The Word* have disputed at one time or the other every important statement therein, who arise up early and sit up late to find flaws in JEHOVAH'S word. Hence when his name is mentioned—as one of three most notable men—"Noah, Daniel and Job," and also an Apostle's affirmation, "of the patience of Job," we rest our

case by fully accepting the testimony of three—The writer of the Book of Job, The Prophet Ezekiel, and The Apostle James, as ample evidence of the reality of a man called Job.

It is a very common belief among Christians that Satan cannot enter The Dwelling Place of Jehovah but the inspired writer of Job's sorrows lifts up the curtain and reveals to us that at least certain days Satan is permitted to enter the presence of The Eternal. And JEHOVAH calls Satan's attention to Job: Satan answers: "Doth Job fear God for naught hast thou not made a hedge about him and about his house, and about all that He hath on every side?" Of this Satan was well aware, and we read, "Angel of the Lord is encompassed round about them that fear Him," in the old Testament record; and in the New Testament the statement that The Lord is near the Christian, so that The Apostle could boast, "I am not afraid of what man can do to me." "Satan said, now put forth thy hand and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face!" "The Lord answered: Behold, all that he hath is in thy power." "So Satan went out from the presence of The Lord." Immediately Satan commenced his deadly work The Sabeans took his oxen, and asses, and slew his servants. "The fire of God is fallen from Heaven" (probably lightning) burnt his sheep and consumed his servants. The Chaldeans fell upon the camels, carried them away, and slew his servants. His sons and his daughters were feasting—but "a great wind from the wilderness smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men and they are dead." Now we hear people say after many a wind

storm, "The Lord's will!" we lay everything on the Lord —to use a common illustration: We go out and careless get wet in the rain, which exposure we could have avoided—a bad cold the result: and then the pious ejaculation, "God's will." And so down the list we suffer a score of ills, are sick by our own neglect of common precaution. But it is plainly stated in Holy Writ, that men are moved to do evil deeds by Satan—hence the raids on Job's property by Sabeans and Chaldeans; and it is also plainly written that Satan "is Prince of the power of the air!" hence ofttimes he is permitted to send hurricanes, tornadoes, and storms—*for it is well to remember that Jehovah permits an evil, when He does not will such.* Then Satan was permitted to smite Job, "with sore boils from the sole of his feet unto his crown." Sometimes Christians deliberately sin against God's commandment, and as they who accept the gift of Eternal Life by accepting Jesus Christ as their Saviour by Blood Redemption cannot come unto Judgment for their sins after death, they suffer in this earth-life for such trespasses—sickness, sorrow sent on them. Hence when such come one had better examine his conduct to see why such come. In fact, the Apostle says, on account of sin "some are weak, some are sickly and some have fallen on sleep," showing even life cut short. The words of St. Paul should be remembered when affliction comes on Christians: "To deliver such a one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the Day of the Lord Jesus."

The Word states plainly that now Satan is constantly calling JEHOVAH'S attention to the sins of His followers:

and demanding their punishment—for we read in The Book—which is the only Book of The Word of which it is said: "Blessed is he that readeth and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein," and more terrible still the words: "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of Life, and out of the Holy City." Now no book of the Bible so much sneered at, treated with contempt by the impertinent High-brows of the so-called Christian Colleges and Universities; and ignored by Ministers in the pulpit. Still for all the Learned Powers against it—we believe as we read: "And there was War in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon: and the dragon fought and his angels and prevailed not: neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole World: he was cast unto the Earth, and his angels were cast out with him. And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, now is come salvation and strength, and the Kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: *for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night.*" And so we see the truthfulness of the narrative of the book of Job fully sustained by other scripture. And thanks be to JEHOVAH—we have also an advocate: "But He, when he had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down on the right hand of God . . . for by one offering He

hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified. Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them. How much more shall the blood of Christ who through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God."

To-day we know the accuser is ever bringing up our sins to God and asking for punishment—but we have a Blessed Advocate who is our substitute, and therefore while we may, and will suffer in Earth-Life we know we are saved by Blood of Christ with an Eternal Salvation.)

ISAIAH'S testimony against the children of Israel:

"Are soothsayers like the Philistines, and they please themselves in the children of strangers; their land is also full of idols; they worship the work of their own hands, that which their own fingers had made. And the mean man boweth down, and the great man humbleth himself; therefore forgive them not."

"And when they shall say unto you, seek unto them that have familiar spirits and unto wizards, that peep and mutter: Should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead? To the Law and to the Testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." The Assyrian said: As my hand hath founded the kingdom of the idols, and whose graven images did excel them of Jerusalem and of Samaria; shall I not, as I have done unto Samaria and her idols, so do to Jerusalem and her idols?"

"How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which did weaken the Nations! For thou hast said in thine

heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High."

(This was Satan's ambition at first—and at the end of this age will again make another battle against JEHOVAH and HIS CHRIST.)

"And the spirit of Egypt shall fail in the midst thereof; and I will destroy the counsel thereof; and they shall seek to the idols, and the charmers and to them that have familiar spirits, and to the wizards."

"And it shall come to pass in that day that The Lord shall punish the host of the high ones that are on high and the kings of the Earth upon the Earth. And they shall be gathered together as prisoners are gathered in the pit."

"And thou shalt be brought down and shall speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be as of one that hath a familiar Spirit."

"Ye shall defile also the covering of thy graven images of silver, and the ornament of thy molten images of gold: thou shalt cast them away as a menstruous cloth."

"Desolation shall come up on thee suddenly which thou shalt not know. Stand now with thy enchantments, and with the multitude of thy sorceries wherein thou has labored from thy youth: if so be thou shalt be able to profit, if so be thou mayest prevail. Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels. Let now the astrologers, the stargazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand

up, and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee."

JEREMIAH: "Therefore hearken not ye to your prophets, nor to your diviners, nor to your dreamers, nor to you enchanters, nor to your sorcerers . . . for they prophecy a lie unto you."

"Then all the men which knew that their wives had burned incense unto other gods and all the women that stood by, a great multitude, even all the people that dwelt in the land of Egypt in Pathros answered Jeremiah:" (These were the children of Israel who had fled to Egypt in spite of the warnings of Jehovah.)

"We will not hearken unto thee. . . . But we will certainly do to burn incense unto the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto her, as we have done . . . for then we had plenty, and were well off, and saw no evil. But since we left off to burn incense to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto her, we have wanted all things, and have been consumed by the sword and by the famine. And when we burned incense to the queen of heaven and poured out drink offerings unto her, did we make her cakes to worship her, and pour out drink offerings unto her, without our men?"

(From the closing words it would seem that the Jewish women were the speakers and had urged the men on in defiance of JEHOVAH. Is it not remarkable that most of the leaders of this latter day, familiar spirits who are mediums, are women? The demons know that their influence to expand their doctrine more subtle than that of men.)

(Then Jeremiah answered:)

"Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, saying: ye and your wives have both spoken with your mouths, and fulfilled with your hand, saying, we will surely perform our vows that we have vowed to burn incense to the queen of heaven and to pour out drink offerings unto her: ye will surely accomplish your vows, and surely perform your vows. Therefore hear ye the word of the Lord, all Judah that dwell in the land of Egypt. Behold I have sworn by my great name, saith the Lord, that my name shall be no more named in the mouth of any man of Judah in all the land of Judah in all the land of Egypt, saying, The Lord God liveth. Behold, I will watch over them for evil, and not for good, and all the men of Judah that are in the land of Egypt shall be consumed by the sword, and by famine, until there be an end of them."

EZEKIEL: "He said unto me go in and behold the wicked abominations that they do here. So I went in and saw, and behold every form of creeping things and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, portrayed upon the wall round about. And there stood before them seventy men of Israel . . . every man with his censer in his hand: and a thick cloud of incense went up."

"Then he brought me to the door of the gate of the Lord's house which was towards the North: and, behold, there sat women weeping for Tammuz! Then said He unto me, hast thou seen this O Son of Man? Turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations than these. And be brought me into the inner court of the Lord's House, and, behold at the door of the temple of the Lord, between the porch and the altar, were

about five and twenty men with their backs towards the temple of the Lord, their faces towards the East; and they worshipped the sun towards the East."

"Then he said unto me. . . . Is it a light thing to the house of Judah that they commit the abominations which they commit here? . . . Therefore will I also deal in fury: mine eyes shall not spare, neither will I pity; and though they cry in mine ears with a loud voice, yet will I not hear them."

"O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes in the deserts. They have seen vanity and lying divination, saying, The Lord saith: and the Lord hath not sent them: and they have made others to hope that they would confirm the word. Likewise, thou son of man, set thy face against the daughters of thy people. Thus said the Lord! Woe to the women that sew pillows to all armholes and make kerchiefs upon the head of every statue to hunt souls— Therefore ye shall see no more vanity, nor divine divinations."

MICAH: "And it shall come to pass in that day. . . . I will cut off witchcrafts out of thine hand; and thou shalt have no more soothsayers."

ZEPHANIAH: "I will cut off the remnant of Baal from this place, and the name of the Chemarim with the priests, and them that worship the host of heaven upon the housetops; and them that worship and that swear by the Lord, and that swear by Malcham."

ZECHARIAH: "And it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord of Hosts, that I will cut off the names of the idols out of the land, and they shall be no more remembered: and I will cause the prophets and unclean

spirits to pass out of the land. And it shall come to pass that when any yet prophecy, then his father and his mother that begat him shall say unto him, Thou shalt not live: for thou speakest lies in the name of the Lord: and his father and mother that begot him that shall thrust him through when he prophesieth. And it shall come to pass in that day, that the prophets shall be ashamed every one in his vision, when he hath prophesied: neither shall they wear a rough coat to deceive. But he shall say, I am no prophet, I am a husbandman; for man taught me to keep cattle from my youth. And shall say, what are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer. Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." (It must be remembered in certain ceremonies in worshipping Baal the priest cut themselves with knives.)

MALACHI: "And I will come near to you to judgment; and I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers."

(Almost, with the last few lines, the words of JEHOVAH in the old Testament close. And surely the whole trend of the Word shows the hatred of JEHOVAH against—Familiar Spirits and others who profess to bring up messages from the dead: and surely the curse of JEHOVAH is on those who in life continue to call on them —for JEHOVAH in unmistakable language proclaims that all such Deceivers, familiar spirits—are Devils.)

III

(As we turn to the New Testament we have unanswerable evidence that Devils can enter the human—that

demons are ever trying to possess the bodies and souls of men. The Human Nature of Christ was most surely tempted by Satan himself—we have some brazen faced ministers who ignore and contradict this, but woe unto such men—for they boldly contradict the Scriptures of Truth. We may be wrong in our conception, but our opinion is, that if ever the Godhead, the Spirit of Christ —which made Jesus—Christ Jesus, The Eternal Son of Jehovah—was dormant in the man Jesus, it was in the Temptations of the Wilderness. Here the second Adam was to be tried—if the Spirit of Christ controlled Him then—the temptation could not be a real one—this wilderness temptation (we hold) to be with the actual human part of the Divine One—for He was Divine at the moment Mary first conceived him.

Now let the conception be as it flashes to the mind: we see in the weary wilderness of rock and stone—a gaunt, hagged, blood shot eyes, parched tongue, weak with fasting man wandering around, almost aimless, with tired feet. Suddenly before His face stands a figure, where had he come from, was he of mortal flesh or a Being from the Universe not of Earth. Now, perchance, Satan stood before him in bright apparel—for St. Paul tells us Satan ofttimes represents himself as an angel of Light—our idea that Jesus did not know Satan—could not tell but that the Angel of God stood before him, for we must remember we are told that he was forty days and forty nights tempted. How did he know but that this was a messenger from Heaven who was sent, and that His Temptations were over—so that if the Messenger's face showed compassion the words not out of the way: It

was as if the Messenger wanted to make sure that the right person stood before him—hence the inquiry: "If you be the Son of God command that these stones to be made bread!" But as the person did not state whence he came—a challenge may have been raised in the mind, hence the answer, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeded out of the mouth of God!" As much as to state, declare from whence thou art.

Then Satan took Him and sitteth him on a pinnacle of the temple. Perchance, this was the day of one of the Great Feasts—when we are told some two to three million of Jewish people from Europe, Asia and Africa usually came up to celebrate. Therefore, at the morning or evening Oblation He would have seen the Temple in all its glory and splendor, the Courts crowded, the multitude filling the surrounding streets, and even watching from Mount Olives, surely then to gain immediate recognition as King He could have done no better, and easier way than listen to the words: "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down for it is written, He shall give His Angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, least at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."

We know that the human Jesus was well versed and knew the Old Testament by heart—hence in Satan's quoting from the Psalm—He knew the words were correct and true—but also knowing the prophecy of Isaiah of The Suffering One, He was well aware He was to be the Substitute for sin before He could be King—so the answer: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God."

"Then Satan taketh up to an exceeding high mountain and showeth him all the Kingdoms of the World and the glory of them." Now Jesus, who had from His constant study of The Scriptures already a conception of Earthly Glory—that the world would be His when God willed, we think was not moved for one instant by the splendor of Rome, Egypt, and other places spread before Him—but here, it would seem to us, the temptation—He looked not at the marble palaces but at the hovels of the poor; He cared not for the feastings of the rich, but saw the half starved people; He saw not the Master—but the miserable slaves who knew not if the wrath of the master would slay at any moment; He heeded not the dancing, the laughter, the merry making—He saw the sickness, the want, the misery, the bitter crying, the great sorrow of the World—and He, He, could change it all in an instant. Not the weary waiting of Century after Century—with humanity wretched and miserable, sick and weary of crying, waiting in vain for the Deliverer. Hence the temptation to his tender, compassionate heart —"all these things I will give thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me!" Then the man Jesus knew who had been His companion and exclaimed in contempt: "Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord Thy God and Him only shalt thou serve.")

(So we know that Satan can tempt men to sin.)

(Now after He entered His ministry—one of the first miracles recorded, shows that it is an awful fact that men can be possessed with Devils: we read.) "There met Him two possessed with devils, coming out of the tombs exceeding fierce, so that no man might pass that

way. And, behold they cried out saying, what have we to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of God? Art Thou come to torment us before the time." The Devils said: "If thou cast us out, suffer us to go unto the herd of swine. And He said unto them, GO!" (Here we see how the unclad ones, as demons are, want some living habitation—and if they cannot possess the human glad to enter about one of the filthiest animals in creation.)

"As they went out, behold, they brought to him a dumb man possessed with a Devil, and when the devil was cast out the dumb spake." (Fulfilling the promise "He healeth all our diseases—when Christ cured a man He cured him every whit.)

"And when HE had called unto HIM His twelve disciples, He gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out."

"Then was brought unto Him one possessed with a devil, blind and dumb: and He healed him in so much the blind and dumb both spoke and saw." "But when the Pharisees heard it, they said, This fellow doth not cast out devils, but by Beelzebub the prince of the Devils."

(So that we know the Lord Jesus was closely watched, and if anything spurious about His miracles curing people possessed with demons He would be detected, and shown up as a fraud.)

(And now comes a saying of the Lord Jesus showing that demons or devils do not wish to be unclad spirits, they desire covering of flesh of some kind, and they are also companionable.)

"When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and finding none.

Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than at first."

(These words of the Lord Jesus describe what shall happen Israel in the last days, they are now singularly free of idolatry and devil worship, but the Scriptures tell of a time when they will again go back to courting of demons, for at the closing days of Gentile Times, the Powers of Evil are permitted more freedom and power than ever before; we then will see the children of Israel, some gathered to Palestine and evidently (we judge by inference speaking not dogmatically) demon worship again one of the National Sins—such may be the cause of the Great Tribulation—the day of Jacob's trouble—when two-thirds of the people of the land shall perish.)

"And behold a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts and cried unto him saying, Have mercy on me O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." . . . At first he seemingly refused, but His tender heart went out to her. "O Woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour."

"There came to Him a certain man, kneeling down to Him, and saying, Lord, have mercy on my son: for he is a lunatic and sore vexed; for ofttimes he falleth into the fire, and oft into the water. And I brought him to thy disciples and they could not cure him." "And Jesus rebuked the Devil; and he departed out of him; and the

child was cured from that very hour." The disciples asked: "Why could not we cast him out? Because of your unbelief." And it is added elsewhere: "This kind can come forth by nothing, but by prayer and fasting."
(This supports what is set forth in the Epistles—that there are grades among the fallen spirits—some who reign and rule over what one may call the common herd.)
(That the familiar spirit allows its victim to go to the house set aside for prayer is seen by the following:)
"And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out, saying, Let us alone: what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art The Holy One of God. And Jesus rebuked, saying, hold thy peace and come out of him. And when the unclean spirit had torn him and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him."
"And He healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils: and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew Him."
"And unclean spirits, when they saw Him, fell down before Him, and cried, saying, Thou art the Son of God. And He straightly charged them that they should not make Him known."
(And here the unpardonable sin:)
"Verily I say unto you, all sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme. But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of Eternal Damnation.

Because they said, He hath an unclean spirit."

"And these are they by the wayside, where the word is sown; but when they have heard, Satan cometh immediately and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts."

"There met Him out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no man could bind him, no, not with chains; because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces; neither could any man tame him. And always night and day, he was in the mountains and in the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones. But when he saw Jesus a far off, he ran and worshipped Him, and cried with a loud voice, and said, what have I to do with Thee, Jesus Thou Son of the most High God? I adjure thee by God, that Thou torment me not. For HE said unto Him, Come out of the man thou unclean Spirit, and He asked him, what is thy name? And he answered, saying, my name is Legion: for we are many! And he besought him much that he would not send them away out of the Country . . . and all the devils besought Him saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them, and forthwith Jesus gave them leave."

(One may cavil, what a destruction of property; but, please remember, according to Jehovah's law given by Moses swine were classed as unclean animals, should not be eaten, hence, the owners were in a forbidden business.)

"Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene out of whom he had cast seven devils."

(There is not a word in the New Testament to uphold that most erroneous, even wicked, insinuation that she was a lewd woman.)

"And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name. And He said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven."

"Go ye and tell that fox, Behold, I cast out Devils, and I do cures."

"Then entered Satan unto Judas surnamed Iscariot, being of the number of the twelve; and he went his way, and communed with the Chief Priests and Captains, how he might betray Him unto them. And they were glad, and covenanted to give him money. And he promised, and sought opportunity to betray Him unto them in absence of the multitude."

"Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift thee like wheat." (One remembers Satan's desire to test Job—but here a refusal: tho' Peter went far on the backslider's path when he denied thrice our Blessed Lord; surely the prayer should ever on our lips, suffer us not to go unto temptation, for we know not when Satan challenges God as to our unfaithfulness when put to the test of the evil ones.)

"Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your fathers ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it . . . ye therefore hear them not," (God's words uttered by The Lord) "because ye are not of God. Then answered

the Jews, and said unto Him, say we not well that Thou art a Samaritan and hast a devil."

"And supper being ended, the Devil having now put it in the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray Him . . . when Jesus thus said, He was troubled in spirit and testified, and said, verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me. . . . Jesus answered, He it is, to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it. And when He had dipped the sop, He gave it to Judas Iscariot, and after the sop Satan entered unto him. Then said Jesus unto him that thou doest, do quickly. . . . He then having received the sop, went immediately out: and it was night."

ACTS: "There came a multitude out of the Cities round about Jerusalem bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits: and they healed every one."

"For unclean spirits crying with a loud voice came out of many that were possessed with them.

"They found a certain sorcerer, a false prophet a Jew—but he withstood them" (Paul and Barnabas)" seeking to turn away the deputy from the faith. . . . Paul filled with the Holy Ghost, set his eyes on him, and said, O full of subtility and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord." (This surely should be a warning to all who have Familiar Spirits—that whatever they may think of their doctrine—God brands such as children of Satan.)

"But the Jews stirred up the devout and honorable

women . . . and raised persecution against Paul and Barnabas and expelled them out of their coasts."

(And today we see more women as mediums than men, who lead the people from Christ. The women of Antioch (with the men) sent men from there to Lystra who persuaded the people, and having stoned Paul, drew him out of the City supposing him to be dead.)

"We write unto them, that they abstain from pollutions of Idols."

"As we went to prayer, a certain damsel, possessed with a spirit of divination met us, which brought her masters much gain by soothsaying. The same followed Paul and us, and cried saying, These men are the servants of The Most High God which shew unto us the way of salvation. Paul said to the spirit, I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her. And he came out the same hour. And when her masters saw that the hope of their gains gone, they caught Paul and Silas and drew them into the market place unto the rulers. The Magistrates rent off their clothes, and commanded to beat them. And when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into prison, charging the jailor to keep them safely."

"Certain vagabond Jews, Exorcists, took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth. And there were seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew and chief of the Priests who did so. And the evil spirit answered and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye? And the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped on them, and overcame them, and pre-

vailed against them, so that they fled out of the house naked and wounded."

"Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen. Whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth . . . this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands: so that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at naught; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia, and the World worship."

"Ye man of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how that the City of Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter."

ROMANS: "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God unto an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things. And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge. God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do these things which are not convenient."

CORINTHIANS: "Deliver such an one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of The Lord Jesus."

"As concerning therefore the eating of those things that are offered in sacrifice unto idols, we know that an idol is nothing in the World."

"But I say, that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice,

they sacrifice to Devils, and not to God: and I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils."
"Lest Satan should get an advantage of us: for we are not ignorant of his devices."
"In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, least the light of the Glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the Image of God should shine unto them."
"False Apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the Apostles of Christ. And no marvel:
"For Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light."
GALATIANS: "Now the works of the flesh are manifest," among them, "Idolatry and Witchcraft."
EPHESIANS: "Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the Prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience."
"Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against Principalities, against Powers, against the Rulers of the darkness of this world, against Spiritual Wickedness in high places."
THESSALONIANS: "There come a falling away first, and that The Man of Sin be revealed, the Son of Perdition; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as god sitteth in the Temple of God showing himself that he is god." (The Future Antichrist who will seat himself in, the soon to be erected, Jewish Temple in Jerusalem. The demons will be very active in his cause, as we are told—Satan shall give him his power and great authority. For

we will have yet an aping of the Blessed Trinity—Satan as God the Father, Antichrist as God The Son-Christ, and The False Prophet as The Holy Spirit.)

"Of whom is Hymenæus and Alexander: whom I have delivered unto Satan that they may learn not to blaspheme." (No doubt to suffer sickness.)

"Not a novice . . . lest he fall into reproach and snare of the devil." (That is, personal Pride which caused Satan's own fall.)

"Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the Latter Times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of Devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron."

"Give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully. For some are already turned to Satan."

"That they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken capture by him at his will."

"For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears, and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."

HEBREWS: "That through death He might destroy him that hath the Power of Death, that is, The Devil."

JAMES: "Resist the devil and he will flee from thee."

PETER: "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

"For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast

them down to hell, and delivered them unto chains of darkness, to be reserved unto Judgment."

1ST JOHN: "He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifest, that He might destroy the works of the devil.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets have gone out into the World.

"We know whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself and that wicked one toucheth him not."

JUDE: "And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, He hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great Day."

REVELATION: "I know the blasphemy of them which they say that are Jews, and are not, but of the synagogue of Satan.

"I know thy works and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is: and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth." (This was at Pergamos—where it is said, that when the Priests were driven from Babylon they came to Pergamos and spread their cult.)

"But unto you I say, and unto the rest in Thyatira as many as have not the doctrine and which have not known the Depths of Satan."

"Behold, I will make them of the Synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie; behold,

I will make them come and worship before thy feet, and to know that I love thee."

"And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke, locusts upon the Earth; and unto them was given power as the scorpions of the earth have power . . . and it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree; but only those men which have not the seal of God in their foreheads. And to them it was given that they should not kill but they should be tormented five months. *And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire death but death shall flee from them.* And they had a king over them, which is the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue hath his name Apollyon."

"Saying to the sixth angel which had the trumpet. Loose the four angels which are bound in the great Euphrates. And the four angels were loosed which were prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year, for to slay the third part of men. And the number of the army of the horsemen were two hundred thousand thousand: and I heard the number of them. (It would seem the four angels were the leaders. The numbers of both locusts and demons show that humanity will no longer sneer at as one of the antiquated doctrines "thrown on the scrap pile" by the Michigan Bishop, "The Devil and his Angels.")

"And there appeared another great wonder in heaven;

and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns and seven crowns upon his heads . . . And his tail drew the third part of the stars of Heaven, and did cast them on the Earth." And there was War in Heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old Serpent, called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth, the whole World: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him. And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night. And they overcame him by The Blood of The Lamb, and by the word of their testimony. Therefore, rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them."

"Woe to the inhabiters of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."

(Again in the above we have confirmation of Job—"the accuser of the brethren" night and day. It is a very common expression when any great sin or murder committed *"the devil tempted me,"* this is a very silly notion, and no truth in the commonplace things of life; the Devil has none of the attributes of JEHOVAH, He is simply a person, shall we say of locality—he is not omnipresent—he can only be in one place at one period of time—but his hosts are so numerous—demons who followed him at the rebellion to make himself equal to God—that he

is in touch, so to speak, with all great events on Earth, that he is ever ready to counsel his chiefs what to do. It would seem his kingdom is divided to over lords who rule in different localities—the minor demons subject to them. So that saints who commit sin are reported to chiefs, and no doubt the most flaring sins reported to Satan. In governing a vast realm there are plenty of people Satan knows nothing of—and the words "I was tempted of Satan," is not strictly a truism—we were in sinning tempted as St. James states *by our own lusts, and by the demons.*)

"And the beast which I saw . . . the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority."

(Thus the coming Antichrist—beast of the Roman Empire yet to be restored accepts the honors from Satan, which Jesus refused in the Temptation.)

"And it was given him to make war with the Saints, and to overcome them: and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations. And all that dwell upon the Earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the lamb slain from the foundation of the World." (This shows the Fall of man anticipated long before, and that Christ coexisting with God through past Eternity.)

"And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, the old serpent which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years should be ful-

filled, and after that he must be loosed a little season." (This hints at the awfulness of sin, that even under the Glorious and Peaceful reign of The Lord Jesus Christ, yet Original sin in the human heart at the close of the thousand years, when tempted by Satan will again break forth in Open Rebellion against JEHOVAH JESUS CHRIST.) "And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, and shall go out to deceive the Nations which are in the four quarters of the Earth, Gog and Magog to gather them to battle: the number of whom is the sand of the sea. And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved City and fire came down from God out of heaven and destroyed them. And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever."

And so close the History of Satan—and the reign of Evil. No Sin in Heavenly places nor on the Renewed Earth through the countless Aeons of Eternity.

A WARNING WORD.

Would that there were an Isaiah on Earth to sound in greater Britain, and her Empire Colonies ears a warning that would arouse them to the Fatal Hour that will soon dawn upon the World. After the War is over, Europe will have startling and rapid changes. One phase, exceedingly good in itself, will be, that the Common People will have more educational privileges than ever before. Very few, if any, within the confines of what was once The Old Roman Empire will be illiterate—all able to read at least the newspapers—and printed proclamations of Governments—for in The Coming War, the Armageddon of Scripture, the men of The New Roman Empire will not be driven helter-skelter to battle—but all who join that Army will be fully aware of what they are doing—why they go to battle and against whom they go to fight.

Europeans after the war will be no more true Christians than they were before the War—in fact, the millions of men and women will have a bitter spirit against JEHOVAH and CHRIST for allowing such wanton suffering as this War imposed on the Countries in general. They will be more daring in their blasphemy than ever before. Some may get more Religious, but a very Religious person without trusting alone in the Merits and Blood of The Crucified for entire Salvation—(A gift for all to have for the asking, a gift not to be won by works in any shape or manner) such person most religious in observing rites and ceremonies of Denominations, and trusting in such, with good works for Salvation is more deceived—than the most blatant unbeliever. And the

Word speaks most emphatically of a Falling away from The Crucified Christ—and the warning is given:—"In the Last Days perilous times shall come, men shall depart from the Faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of Devils."

We look therefore for no Regenerated Europe in a truly Christ Believing sense after the present War.

And I would sound out a warning that Evil Spirits, Familiar Spirits, will come in, after the War, as if in a flood—men and women will be enamoured by the Doctrine of Devils—willing to let Demons take possession of them.

Thousands, if not millions, will want to talk to their departed dead—it will be a fascination that will grow, and grow, until Europe be filled with Evil Spirit possessed men and women.

Is it not most pitiful to see one of the renowned scientific men of England running from morning to near midnight to hear what demons have to say—for the Word of Jehovah has said—"who ever hath a familiar spirit has a demon." And he eagerly listens to those with familiar spirits to the silliest nonsense ever penned or recorded by a learned man. Surely the words of this New Raymond who is not his son, but a demon, is glaringly absurd when put side by side with the passages marked by the hands of his true son Raymond shortly before his death in the little Testament carried by the young man to the close of his earthly career. How did the real Raymond change so rapidly that of all the words of God that he had marked for his comfort, and trusted in immediately before his death—not one single word of such is hinted at by this demon Raymond.

If this fatal to hundreds, false teacher and writer—destined to work fearful havoc in mortal minds, leading them astray—would only write out the passages in Holy writ that his son had marked for his strength before he entered the Shadow of Death, and place them beside the silly words uttered by "Feda," and "Moonstone," he would surely see he has been deceived—and is now deceiving the public. Surely this young man's soul and spirit, who marked such passage would not have marked them unless he believed in them, is now in the Paradise of Christ—full satisfied and will never come back—for one must remember the words: "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets—neither will they believe if one come from the dead."

The following is copied from "Raymond," pages 10 and 11—headed "A Mother's Lament."

"The Religious side of Raymond was hardly known to the family; but among his possessions at the Front was found a small pocket Bible called "The Palestine Pictorial Bible" (Pearl 24mo), Oxford University Press, in which a number of passages are marked; and on the fly leaf, pencilled, in his writing, is an index to these passages, which page I copy here:—

Ex. xxxiii. 14
St. John xiv
Eph. ii
Neh. i 6, 11
St. John xvi. 33
Rom. viii. 35
St. Matt. xi. 28
Ps. cxxiv. 8
Deut. xxxiii. 43
Isa. li. 12
Isa. lii. 12
Jude. 24
Ezra. ix. 9
Isa. xii. 2
Isa. i. 18
Isa. xl. 31

Ps. xliii. 2	Rev. vii. 14
Deut. xxxiii. 27	Rev. xxi. 4

It will pay any reader to open The Scriptures and read the passages given above. Raymond in the flesh was surely a Believer—and if Raymond were permitted to return he would have an intelligent story to relate to his ignorant (in Spiritual matters) and pitiable, Demon led Father who has written a book—

Silly, Evil and Mischievous.

THE FUTURE CITY OF ANTI-CHRIST.

Who is to rebuild Babylon? We have almost come to the turning of the ways—the English hold that region—they will surely have some hand in the Renovation of Chaldea. Their greatest engineer has already been before the War busy in cleaning out her former canals; and promises at a comparatively small cost in proportion to the great regeneration of so vast a stretch of Country, once the Garden Spot of the Earth, to make it again be a land of fruitfulness—the soil productive to most astonishing degree.

But we sincerely Trust that England will not be the upholder of The Coming Prince of Babylon—who is to make Babylon once more the Greatest, Richest and most Wickedly Splendid City of the World.

Too long have Christian Churches read Rome where The Word states plainly Babylon—the XVIII Chapter of Revelations may have stood as descriptive of the City of the early Cæsars—but not the Rome of the last 1500 years—Rome was never a great Maritime City—such as that City described in Revelations—London or New York are better types—but the City of The Coming Babylon will have magnificent harbors, and be the Greatest and Richest City that Time has ever seen, *or will see under Gentile Rule.*

There will Satan have his earthly dwelling place—this City will be the apex of his pride, and he will inspire the Prince of Babylon to erect to the gaze of men the most cosmopolitan City on Earth of all Gentile times. Here wickedness of every description shall blossom to

full flower—here arts, music and dissipation will delight and attract the children of men—here latitudinarianism will flourish and become the monstrosity of the Parable, every unclean and hateful belief gilded by learning, by science, and seductiveness finding their home in Babylon. Then shall Satan put this wonderful brainy man forward to reign and rule over humanity—his son, and Himself the God of the whole Universe. We pray that England be not the one to gird up the loins and sustain this man—the future Anti-Christ.

WAITING

I am listening for the Coming of His Feet—
For His Cry will be most wonderfully Sweet
That shall call us from the graveyard and the Street.

I am listening for the Coming of His feet—
For my garments His Own Righteousness pure and meet,
At His Marriage Supper I shall have a Seat.

I am listening for the Coming of His feet—
Sin and Sorrow then have gnashing of the teeth—
Satanic Evil for ever in defeat!

I am listening for the Coming of His feet—
For my Spirit with great Earnestness would greet—
Fain My Saviour and My King and Lord to meet.

I am waiting for The Coming of His Feet—
I am praying that His footsteps be all fleet
Then His Glory of Redemption be complete!

THE QUESTION OF AGES

This Question of The Jew that will not down—
The Riddle not yet solved by Gentile brain,
For tho' we kick and cuff, and sneer and frown,
There as accused thing—they still remain.

They and their Hebrow Book so close entwined
We cannot wrest it from them in our hate,
Who ever reads THE BOOK aright will find
One from other stands not separate.

So we of Gentile Race are loath to think
That our best thoughts are colored by Jew Book,
Their Ten Commandments like a golden link,
That it were madness if the mind forsook!

We are so weary of this Book that lies
As 'twere a mountain before erring feet,
It grows a hated object to our eyes
Were as beasts we'd rend it with our teeth.

And this the madness—if we read aright
It solves the Riddle of The Jewish Race!
Gentiles an interregnum in God's sight;
We for our wickedness shall know disgrace!

Lo, we have stolen the Promises from Jews,
Speak as if CHRIST a Gentile to the core,
Our inmost thoughts for evermore refuse
That we should bow down and a Jew adore.

Thus when we've made our boasts a mountain high,
And lulled ourselves with many a honeyed phrase,
Christians shriek out, *"That Jewish Hopes passed by!"*
Lo, we are startled in These Latter Days—

We hear the dry bones rattle on the plain—
Bones move to bones before our startled eyes—
What shall Jew Nation—Roman hate had slain—
Grim Skeleton from grave again arise!

Jew-Christ stands out, no wizen to the sight,
But strong and mighty with a thunder tone,
Crushing as egg shells every Gentile Might
So rend and shatter every Gentile Throne.

CHRIST, *Jewish King, with His imperial sway*
Stands up The Czar Imperial of The World!
His flag of glory floating night and day
Through Glorious ages—never to be furled!

Outspoken Gentile Hate would fain conceive
The Scriptures speak not, as they plainly do,
"We never, never, never will believe
The earth shall own the thralldom of the Jew!"

But comes JEW-KING in spite of deadly hate,
Serene and calm, majestic in His power,
Moving unchecked in awful, silent state,
By one word conquer in His Golden Hour.

A GOLDEN SONG

A golden song keeps ringing in my ears—
It comforts all my sorrows, dries my tears,
It gives to things of this age second place,
It touches an illimitable space,
Lifting my horizon to such vistas rare
As if were fadeless blossoms everywhere,
And music rarefied of all harsh tone,
And the sweet peace, that HE can give alone,
So seems earth's trials like to paltry things,
And every passing hour the nearer brings
Surcease from sorrow, bitterness and pain,
On the rare day THE CHRIST comes back again.

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